

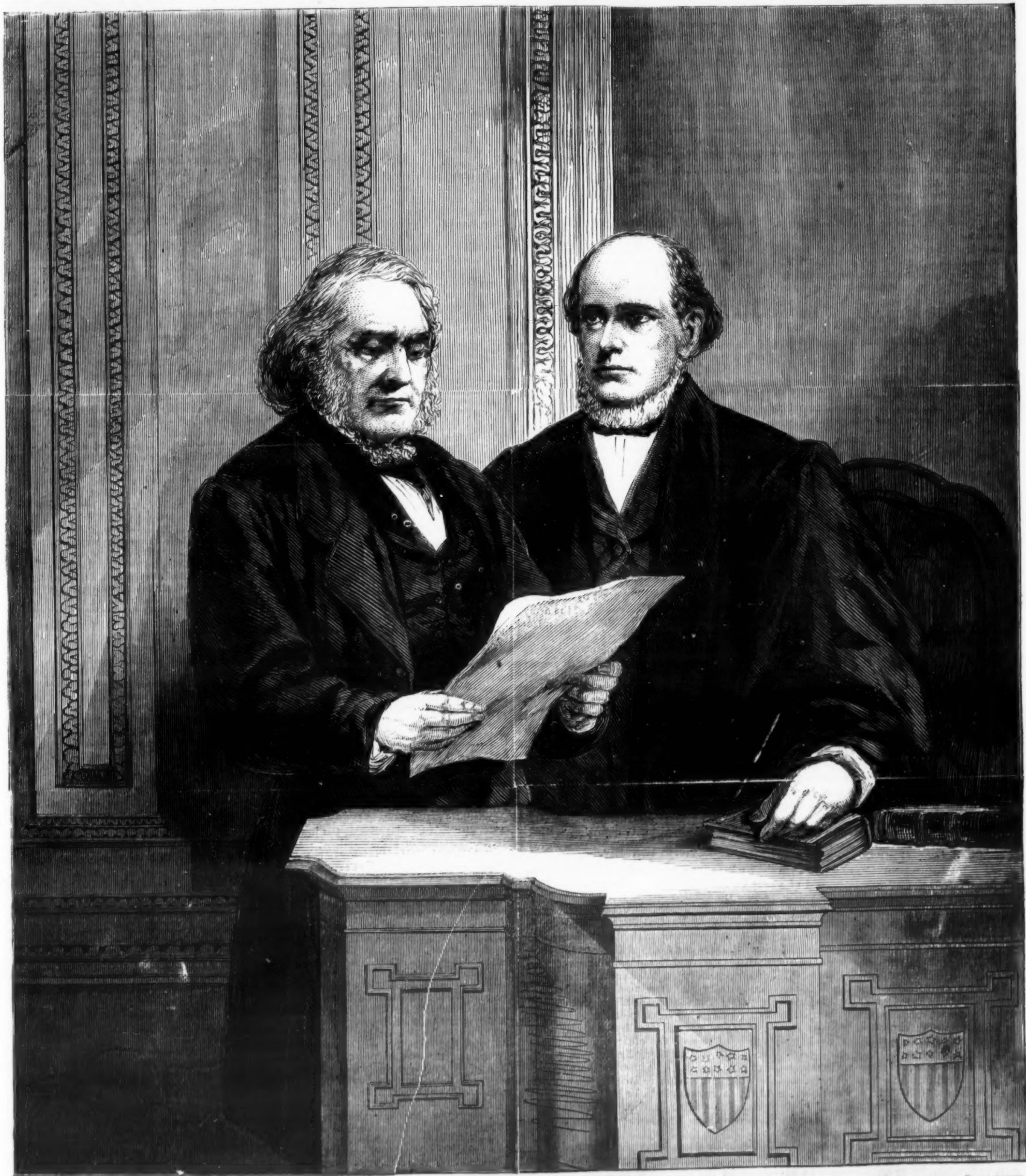
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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JUDGE NELSON ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, AS PRESIDING OFFICER OF THE COURT OF IMPEACHMENT, IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON THE 5TH MARCH.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 19.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Reduction in Taxes.—A Beneficent Measure.

ONE of the most important bills that has been introduced in the House of Representatives this session was presented by Mr. Schenck, from the Committee on Ways and Means, on the 10th inst., and passed that body by a nearly unanimous vote, 122 to 2. It abolishes all taxes on manufacturers except those on whisky, tobacco, and three or four others, sweeping away, it is said, not less than ten thousand petty, vexatious, and oppressive taxes, the collection of which is effected at a cost altogether disproportioned to the returns. This is a step, yes, it is more, it is a vast stride in the right direction. Revenue, to be collected cheaply and without fraud and annoyance, must be obtained from the fewest number of articles of general consumption and use possible. The passage of the bill in the Senate, of which there is no doubt, will give great and greatly needed relief to manufacturers of all kinds, throughout the country.

According to Mr. Schenck, the five per cent. tax on manufactures amounted last year to \$146,223,000, of which, \$61,429,000 were collected on the articles which it is proposed to still retain on the schedule, viz.: oils distilled from coal, fermented liquors, on distilled spirits of all kinds, on tobacco, snuff, and cigars, and illuminating gas. The measure, therefore, would result in an aggregate reduction in revenue of \$84,000,000. But it is proposed to put a specific tax on certain manufactures, and a tax of one-twentieth of one per cent. on sales over \$5,000, which, Mr. Schenck believed, would result in a return of at least \$20,000,000; so that the total loss of revenue would not exceed \$60,000,000. The reduction in expenditures in the year it is believed will amount to double that sum, so that our financial exhibit will be none the worse, while a heavy load will be lifted from the manufacturers and the public.

Congress will deserve well of the public in speedily maturing this great and beneficent measure. Mr. Schenck thinks it may be done by the 1st of April, so as to give immediate relief to our depressed and suffering industry.

Some Good Foreign Appointments.

The Senate has confirmed the very judicious nomination by the President of Mr. Ross Brown as Minister to China, and Mr. H. T. Tuckerman as Minister to Greece. Mr. Brown is an experienced traveler and observer, and moreover a thorough investigator, who will carefully study out our real interests in China, and supply the Department of State with the kind of information necessary to conduct our relations with that country, which steam has made our neighbor; and we may reasonably expect from him, when his term of service expires, an entertaining and instructive book on the Flowery Land, written from an American standpoint, and full of useful information for our merchants and manufacturers.

Our material interests in Greece are trifling; but Greece is clustered round with classical traditions and heroic reminiscences, dear to the scholar and the artist, both of whom will find a fitting representative in Mr. Tuckerman. We may be sure his facile pen will not be idle while he stays under the shadow of the Acropolis, and when he returns to his native land again, we may be equally sure that he will bring with him a work acceptable to American classic scholars.

It is only recently that our Minister in Ecuador, Mr. Hassaurek, returned from that country, and he has already given us a book containing more information regarding it than could be got from all previous works, and of a kind most interesting to the American public. And a leading publishing house announces the speedy issue of a work on Peru, by Mr. Squier, our late Commissioner to that remarkable country, which, judging from his exhaustive works on Central America, the fruits of his mission there, will be of standard value. In Mexico we have a gentleman acting as Minister, Mr. Plumb, who is by no means unknown in the world of letters and research, from whom we may reasonably expect a book on that country, for which there is much need, historically and otherwise.

It is when such men as these we have mentioned go abroad that the country obtains some real advantages from their services, besides the equivocal ones called "diplomatic." They add not only to our information, but to the sum of general knowledge, and advance us in the respect of other nations. The appointment of Washington Irving to Spain gave to the study of Spanish history and literature an im-

pulse which resulted in the standard works of Prescott and Ticknor; and the mission of Mr. Stephens to Central America resulted in works which we may say initiated that splendid series of books of travel which have distinguished American literature, besides founding an American school of archaeological research. Wheaton would never have left us that great national monument, his "Law of Nations," had he not been sent abroad, where the materials for the work were accessible, and where he could secure the repose requisite for so great an undertaking.

If our diplomatic experience as a nation has proved anything, it has shown that our foreign appointments should be given to men of research, students, and explorers, and not to politicians. These ought to find field enough in the other wide departments of public service.

One Term.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries, taking advantage of the attention now directed to the position and powers of the President, are strongly urging the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment limiting the Presidential office to a single term. It has been often said that the power of the President is here really greater than that of any monarch in Europe. Certainly few monarchs would undertake to do many things which some of our Presidents have done, and none would dare to hostile the people, in the persons of their representatives, as Mr. Johnson has done and is doing.

And it is unquestionably true that nearly all our later Presidents have been more absorbed with plans to secure re-election than with their true duties; while every Vice-President who has succeeded to the office of President has invariably been corrupted by an ambition to become President by direct vote of the people.

It has become important, therefore, to check the power of the Executive, and desirable to remove from him the temptation to prostitute his office in order to secure a second term. A constitutional limitation of the Presidential term would accomplish absolutely one of these objects, and go far to effect the other, because most Executive usurpations have been made with reference to re-election.

All of our really great and patriotic Presidents have discerned the temptation to abuse of power and prostitution which the possibility of a second term offers to the Executive, and have strongly urged the adoption of the single term provision. Washington did so in his Farewell Address, and so did the more impulsive, but equally patriotic Jackson. "I cannot too earnestly invite your attention to the propriety of promoting such amendment of the Constitution as will render the President ineligible after one term of service," were the words of his parting message.

As observed by an able contemporary, "We cannot constantly stand ready to impeach every President who is guilty of indirect practices toward his own re-election; and it is much better to remove a cause for misconduct than to invent statutes to punish misconduct after it is done. And if the danger of the re-elective principle was thought to be great by Washington and Jackson, when the officers of the army and navy might have been gathered in a lecture-room, and the patronage of the civil list was confined to a handful of custom-house officers, post-masters, and judges, what should it be considered now, with eighty thousand standing troops, and hordes of tax-gatherers swarming all over the face of the land! The present, therefore, may be said to be the last chance which our country will ever have to carry through this universally desired reform;—the last, because the present incumbent of the Executive chair is probably the only one we shall ever see there who will not have sufficient influence to kill it!"

The Naturalization Convention with North Germany.

We have the text of the Convention between the United States and the North German Confederation defining the Rights of Naturalized Citizens, which is now before the Senate for ratification. It provides that citizens of one country who have become naturalized in the other, and resided there for five years uninterruptedly, shall be held and treated as citizens of such country; but he cannot be relieved from trial and punishment for crimes previously committed against the laws of his original country by thus becoming a citizen of the other. The declaration of an intention to become a citizen of one or the other country cannot have the effect of naturalization. A person naturalized in either country, who shall return to his original or native country, with the intent to remain, is to be held as having renounced his naturalization. A residence of two years is to be taken as evidence of such intent.

The latter clause is intended to prevent persons from becoming citizens of the United States for the purpose of securing privileges

at home that they would not otherwise enjoy, while really intending to live in their native land.

We see no objection to this Convention, and it seems to cover the whole ground. We never have had any dispute with the German States, except in the matter of their exacting military service from naturalized citizens returning to their native land on business or pleasure. The Convention gets rid of this, the only substantial cause of misunderstanding.

We doubt if such a Convention with Great Britain would satisfy the Fenians, who are mainly agitating this matter of naturalization. They want all the advantages of three nationalities, British, American, and the "Irish Republic."

A Conflict of Authorities.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago a book was published in London by a man named Stockdale, called "The Memoirs of Harriet Wilson," who had been, in her time, the queen of the English *Demi-monde*. In this she gave the correspondence of many celebrated English noblemen, to the intense horror of the men themselves, and the disgust and astonishment of their wives. Among these were letters from Wellington, Palmerston, Petersham, Rutland, and other leading men. The book sold like wildfire, and caused universal comment. The House of Commons appointed a committee, of which Sir Robert Peel was chairman, to inquire into the expediency of bringing in a bill to prevent immoral publications. The report of this committee was published in one of their Blue Books, to which the name of Luke Hansard, the Printer of the House, of course was attached. In it there was a complete history of Stockdale from his cradle to the date of the report. As his early life had been rather a disreputable one, he saw things raked up which he had thought had long been forgotten. He therefore commenced an action in the Court of Queen's Bench for libel. Luke Hansard applied to the Speaker of the House of Commons for instructions how to act. The Speaker, by order of the House, told Hansard to take no notice of the matter, declaring that what it did was above the law. As the case was not defended, Lord Chief Justice Campbell charged the jury "that the House had no right to rake up the antecedents of any man, and that the publication was a libel, on the old, but now obsolete maxim, 'the greater the truth, the greater the libel.'" Thus instructed, the jury found a verdict against Luke Hansard, as Printer of the House of Commons, for £2,000, and a writ was issued for damages and costs amounting to nearly £3,000. This, Luke Hansard, by order of the House of Commons, refused to pay. Lord Chief Justice Campbell thereupon issued a writ for that amount. It was given to the Sheriff of London to execute. He seized the person of Luke Hansard and lodged him in Newgate. The House of Commons, thus defied by the Chief Justice, issued a warrant to their Sergeant-at-Arms to bring the Sheriff to their bar. He applied to the Chief Justice to know what he was to do. He was told not to take any notice of the order. The Speaker, thereupon, issued a warrant of arrest for contempt of the House. The Sheriff was consequently seized, and conveyed to the prison of the House of Commons. For five months both Hansard and the Sheriff remained in their respective prisons, neither party being willing to give way. The dispute was growing serious, as Palmerston and Peel threatened to arrest the Lord Chief Justice himself, and a night was appointed to bring the recalcitrant Justice to the bar of the House, when the Queen applied to the Duke of Wellington for advice. He advised the Queen to dissolve Parliament, which was done the very day that appointed for the arrest of Lord Campbell. This was the only way to solve the difficulty by cutting the Gordian knot. Thereupon Hansard and the Sheriff were let out of jail. Stockdale, however, never got his money.

The House maintained, "that being the people themselves, they were above all law, being the law-makers." Campbell maintained, "that law-makers should not be law-breakers, and that they had no power to override the established law till it was abrogated by another, which required the concurrence of the House of Lords and the Queen, otherwise," said he, "they usurp the whole power of the kingdom, when in point of fact they are only one-third of the people of England."

Palmerston, Peel, and Gladstone (for it was before Disraeli was in Parliament), who always flattered the prejudices of the lower House, boldly asserted the omnipotence of that assembly. The peers, with true Norman cunning, maintained a strict neutrality, not even suffering the question to be debated within their walls. The matter remains unsettled to this day. The only results being, that the Sheriff and the Printer each got five months' imprisonment, and Stockdale did not get his money. The Chief Justice also got considerable blackguarding from the House of Commons. First: because he would not submit to their dictation, but principally because he was a Scotchman, Lord Palmerston having the bad taste to declare, in his usual jaunty manner, "that it might be *porridge* law, but that it was not English law," which enabled Lord Campbell, with equal bad taste, to retort, by saying, that "Lord Palmerston was an impudent Irishman."

The public press were pretty nearly divided in their opinions, the London *Times* siding with the Commons. When the new Commons met the subject was not revived.

In these days of Constitution tinkering, it might be advisable to empower the President to dissolve the House of Representatives and appeal to the people, leaving the Senate to die a natural death, like the peers of England. Also to compel the Cabinet Ministers to have seats in Congress to

receive their daily badgering, and justify their measures. As it is now, they can entrench themselves behind the President's appointment, and defy public opinion for four years.

The Stockdale case already referred to has a parallel in Washington Irving's "History of New York," when two Dutchmen, going to law about a disputed account, Governor Van Twiller handed over to the constable his jack-knife as a warrant to arrest both of them. When the culprits appeared before him, he had their ledgers weighed, and finding both about the same weight, he compelled each to give the other a receipt in full, and condemned the constable to pay the costs. The historian adds, with delicious irony: "This was the last lawsuit that occurred in New Amsterdam during the reign of the redoubtable Van Twiller."

There is an anecdote attaching to the Stockdale libel suit, so characteristic, that we must give it. When Harriet Wilson's Memoirs appeared, John Delaine, chief editor of the London *Times*, wrote to the Duke of Wellington, inquiring if the letters purporting to be from him were not forgeries. Whereupon the Duke replied, somewhat in the following fashion:

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the editor of the *Times*, and wishes to know what business he has with his private correspondence? Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington also begs to acquaint the editor of the *Times* that, to the best of his recollection, the letters attributed to him in that publication are authentic."

Things Wise and Otherwise.

THERE is a movement in England to effect a re-union of the Church of England and the Wesleyan Methodists, and at a late meeting of the House of Convocation of the Province of York, the following resolution was adopted: "Whereas, the union of all faithful Christians is earnestly to be desired, and as many of the causes which originally led to the separation of the Wesleyans from the Church of England are sensibly diminished, this House would cordially welcome any practical attempt to effect a brotherly reconciliation between the Wesleyan body and the Church of England."—George Francis Train said, some years ago, that he attempted to write books, and people called him a fool; that he took a prominent part in politics, and they returned the same verdict; that he undertook to uphold the American nation abroad, and he was still accused of folly. "I then turned my attention," he added, "to making money; I made it, and since no one has called me a fool." Last autumn Mr. Train attended the Jockey Club races at Jerome Park, and betted very freely, but always, as it happened, on the losing horse. The last day, having wagered large odds on the favorite, he again lost, and supremely disgusted, he took out his pocket-book while on the members' stand, and cried out, "I'll bet five to one I am the biggest fool in the city or county of New York." After repeating the challenge several times, a man standing on the course immediately below, looked up, and with his portemonnaie in his hand, said, "Halloo, stranger, I'll take that bet, provided your name isn't George Francis Train."—A bill has been introduced in the Iowa Legislature to prevent the locking of railroad cars while in motion, or the using of kerosene lamps, and requiring stoves to be firmly fastened to the floor.—The *Italia* of Naples states that three handsome bronze bedsteads have been discovered at Pompeii, and that they are the most elegant yet found there.—The giant specimen of the *Dracena draco*, or dragon tree, growing at Orotava, in the Island of Teneriffe, was destroyed during the autumn of 1867 by a gale of wind. It was first brought into general notice by Humboldt, some sixty years ago, and was computed by him to be 6,000 years old.—The little fishing village of Schwarzort, situated on the shores of the Baltic, between Memel and Dantzic, about two leagues to the south of the former place, has, within the last three years, acquired a certain importance, owing to the discovery of a large bed of amber. This bed is situated near the Cape Korning, and is believed to be extensive. Four steam dredgers are employed for the collection of the amber, as well as a considerable number of dredgers worked by hand. The amber is found almost uniformly in separate nodules, with lignite, disseminated in the sands at a depth of from 10 feet to 12 feet. The dredging is carried on day and night, by shifts of eight hours each. About 400 persons are employed at this work, and their wages are on the average, 22 silver groschen (half a dollar) per shift. The quantity of amber collected is considerable, amounting to about 288 pounds per shift, and for six days' work 5,184 pounds. The sand is sent on shore, when it is washed in order to find the amber.—The Iowa Legislature has passed a resolution in favor of removing the national capital to some point in the West, and requesting the Iowa delegation in Congress to vote in accordance.—A Boston teacher, who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

PEOPLE who notice how smoothly and regularly the world rolls on its axis, and how weak gold is, will be surprised to learn what direful woes are in store for them in case Mr. Johnson shall be required to leave the White House, and Mr. Wade be requested to walk in. The seer of the Mobile *Tribune* has visions of what is to come, and they are as bad as any that ever afflicted Jeremiah. Thus:

"There is a sulphurous volcanic cloud rising over the Northern land; and by the lurid light that gleams along its borders we can see homes in flames, and fields desolated, and outraged women flying with disheveled hair to hide their shame, and maddened hawks with blood-stained decks drifting rudderless on seas whitened no more forever with the canvas wings of

commerce, and cities of the dead whose moldering ruins would topple over and fall with the jar upon the air of a single footstep upon their sidewalks, but the footstep is not there."

A LONDON correspondent says: "Dr. Watts talks of 'golden harps.' Surely Tennyson has one. I hear that he is to have \$10,000 for twelve poems in *Good Words*."

The following stirring lines, by Captain Mayne Reid, were suggested by the pedestrian enterprise of Sergeant Gilbert H. Bates, who engaged in December last, to walk from Vicksburg, Miss., to the National Capital, bearing the United States flag, and passing through the principal cities on his route. The sergeant, who served valiantly in the Federal army during the war, has been greeted on his way by the Southern people with marked kindness, and will undoubtedly accomplish his task without molestation. We have already published an illustration of his reception at Montgomery, Alabama; but, as he is now midway on his march, the verses are opportune, and, at all events, are, in their intrinsic poetical merit, too good to be hidden from the public:

BEAR ON THE BANNER!

Bear on the banner, soldier bold!
How Southern hearts must thrill
To see the flag, so loved of old,
Waving above them still!
What chords 'twill touch, what echoes wake
Of that far truer time!
Who knows but it the spell may break,
That maddened them to crime?

Bear on the banner! hold it high!
But not by way of taunt;
They've drank too deep the bitter cup
To need much idle vaunt.
No: be it like a brother's hand,
To soothe a brother's pain,
From hasty blow of quarrelsome brand,
Ne'er to be giv'n again.

Bear on the banner! spread it out,
O'er all Secession's land!
Sure, they will hail it with a shout,
And take the proffered hand!
I cannot think their hearts are dead—
Southerners! 'twould grieve me sore—
Recall your ancient spirit dead,
And patriots be once more!

Bear on the banner! hold it high;
And once more let them see
The white stars on its azure sky—
Those symbols of the free!
Oh! may they think of that strange star,
Once seen in Eastern night;
And like the "wise men," from afar
Bow down before its light!

Bear on the banner, soldier bold!
It is a thought of worth;
And often will the tale be told
Around the winter hearth.
Ten thousand, thousand eyes are bent
Upon thy daring deed;
A nation, now no longer rent,
Is wishing thee "God speed!"

In reference to one of our illustrations, we describe elsewhere the terrible disaster that occurred on the 28th of January last, on the quay Santa Lucia, at Naples, Italy, in consequence of the falling of an immense mass of rock, which, detached from the mountain side, went crashing through the roofs of the buildings beneath. A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Naples, gives the following painful narration of an episode in the history of the calamity: "Yesterday I was present at one of the revelations of the fearful tragedy in Santa Lucia. The laborers were clearing away the debris when a human hand was seen protruding through the sand, and that it was that of a woman was evident from the rings, fourteen of which were immediately taken off and consigned to the safekeeping of a guard of Public Security. Mingled with the sand in which she lay imbedded were fragments of clothes, furniture and painted floor tiles, while above were large masses of masonry, which threatened to fall. How to remove the body without a disaster or without dismembering the limbs was a great difficulty. Poles were brought to shove up the superincumbent masses, while the excavations were carried on with great precaution. Gradually the whole of the shattered form was brought out to view—first a leg, then the body, then a hand, from which ten other rings were taken, making twenty-four in all, and then the head, so one would conclude from the form, but of which no one feature was distinguishable. The manner in which she lay, or rather sat, one leg stretched forward, and the other far behind her, told the melancholy story. She must have been running—and with fearful impetuosity—when a mountain of sand and rock and ruins of houses fell upon her and crushed her down, dislocating her lower limbs, and stretching her out in that unnatural position. Such was the end of the poor young bride, whom her husband had but recently brought to his father's home! The body of her mother-in-law was found at some little distance from her. It is only now that the workmen have been able to remove the debris from the streets. The loss of life, I trust, has been exaggerated, though the number of the dead cannot, of course, be known yet; but the wreck of property presents a fearful spectacle such as is rarely witnessed."

The Sunday News has found the highway to popularity in the publication of serial stories of such absorbing interest that the public cannot resist the fascination of its columns. Its last production of that kind is entitled *Crimson Orbs; A Tale of Love in the Capital of the World*. It is from the pen of the celebrated feuilletonist, Emile Gaborian, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, sensational writers of Paris, and judging from the opening chapters, it is a romance of thrilling power, the chef-d'œuvre of a master novelist.

Among all the channels of productive liberality now open, there are none which commend themselves to the generosity of an enlightened public more forcibly than enterprises having in view the immediate relief of our heroic ex-soldiers, or the families of those who perished upon the field of battle. The managers of the Patriot Orphan Home opened a grand fair in behalf of that noble institution at Dodworth Hall, on Thursday evening, March 12th, and a most brilliant affair it proved. The hall was decorated with a liberal profusion of flowers, flags, and patriotic devices; and the tables, were their capable of utterance, would certainly have groaned under the weight of the attractive things they exposed. Additional interest was given the entertainment by the fact that the majority of the curiosities were specimens of the handiwork of the Home children. Probably one of the most wonderful and pleasing features was a large model of the Home, which is located at Finsbury, L. I., constructed by a bright, happy-looking lad, twelve years of age, named George Snyder. The inclemency of the weather interfered somewhat with the success of the fair.

ments, but the visitors appeared to examine the articles exhibited with a hearty relish, and what was much more commendable, manifested little hesitation in aiding peculiarly the praiseworthy object.

The intelligence of the death of Mrs. Kate Warn, which occurred in Chicago, a few days ago, calls to mind the peculiar services that lady rendered the country and the general public. During the tour of Abraham Lincoln and suite from Springfield to Washington, reports were freely circulated of plots organized for the purpose of abducting or assassinating the President-elect. At the time when these rumors were exerting a most depressing influence upon the loyal public, an unknown lady suddenly assumed the directorship of arrangements connected with the passage from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to Washington. The utmost precaution was taken, and the entire programme of the mysterious woman was carried out in a successful manner; the plotters were defeated in their designs, and Mr. Lincoln was duly inaugurated. By her judgment she evinced an intimate knowledge of the conspiracy, and appeared perfectly composed while managing her important charge. This unknown lady was Mrs. Warn, the famous female detective. It is about fifteen years since she first entered upon the duties of a detective, and was then considered as anything but a sane person; but in all her dangerous operations she exercised an incessant vigilance, and time demonstrated that she was particularly well-qualified for her profession. She was assigned a prominent position in the secret service of the army, having her headquarters at Washington. In 1865 she assumed charge of the female department of the secret service at New Orleans, where her natural shrewdness and former experience added much to her career of usefulness. She ranked as the best female detective in the United States, if not in the world, and was but thirty-five years of age.

THE LAST THEATRICAL NOVELTY.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY," the new pantomime—the first and only genuine pantomime we have ever had produced in this city—was given to a New York audience at the Olympic upon Monday week.

We say, "the only genuine pantomime," because of pantomime there are but two real species—the Italian and English.

Each of them is almost unknown in this city, and consequently, totally unknown in this country.

Mr. Hayes, his able coadjutor, Mr. Tayleur, and his equally, or more able stage-manager, dramatist, actor, etc., Mr. Fox, have acclimated in this country one of these two forms of the drama.

It is the English shape.

We say "acclimated," because "Humpty Dumpty" is a positive and undoubted success.

"But," our readers ask, "who or what is 'Humpty Dumpty'?"

We are unable to answer this question exactly.

"Humpty Dumpty," if a man, may be a prince, a magician, or a muf. We are unconcerned about his identity. But we are enabled to say that "Humpty Dumpty," as a piece or a pantomime, has proved an unqualified success. Who, when it is ended, knows—or who, when it has begun, cares what its plot may be? It is, of course, idle to talk of or to discuss the plot of a pantomime.

The changes, the novelties, the scenery, the dancing, the burlesque, and the vagaries of *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, and *Clown* constitute the performance. Whatever these may do is of little consequence to him who goes to see them, provided they amuse him. Wherever they may appear is of far less moment, provided a master of the brush and the bucket of paint has presided over the conception of the scenic character of the piece. That Mr. Hayes is a master of the brush in the scenic art, we should presume that none would dispute. Certainly none will who have either gazed upon his "Midsummer Night's Dream" or his "Humpty Dumpty." Heaven and Mr. Hayes pardon us for mentioning them in the same breath! They must be ranged under entirely different heads. But though we feel this with him, we do not feel the same with Mr. Fox. His *Clown* and his *Bottom the Weaver* are brethren. Either of them is unapproachable. Mr. Fox and the White Donkey—whether honestly white or legitimately whitewashed, we will not say—at the close of the burlesque upon the *Cannon*, an outrageous grotesquerie, which it might well have appeared impossible to burlesque without insulting decency, were magnificent. Indeed, Mr. Fox, in this country—and as John Oxenford said to us during the last summer, "in the Old Land"—is in his clownship utterly alone. He is the only quiet clown whose comic humor is visibly appreciable in every line of his face. He is the only clown who would seem to be cut out of the same material from which Shakespeare molded his *Touchstone*, his *Bottom* and his *Lancelot Gobbo*. He is the only clown of whom we might find it possible to say, "If not a clown by nature, he would be instinctively a philosopher."

But we have said enough of the clown, and ought not to omit a warm compliment to Emile Regi as *Columbine*, and a pleasant word for Mr. F. Lacy as *Harlequin*. The dancing generally was excellent, although on the first night we may confess to having had somewhat too much. It should be remembered by managers that a pantomime is not a ballet, and in nationalizing the first, it need not be necessary to fuse it with the last. Save in exceptional cases, such as the "Black Crook" and the "White Fawn," and some few others, where a dancing "star" has flashed momentarily upon our eyes, the ballet is as a moribund Teuton would say, *langweilich*. It needs the glory of color and gilding, graceful "continuations" and flesh-colored silk, black eyes, and well-dressed hair to make it endurable. The poetry of motion may be a pretty thing to write about, but that poetry resides mostly in a shapely leg and well-turned ankle. Let us have a good plot, whether it be in burlesque or spectacle, give us fine scenery, splendid dresses, and a fair quotation of tolerable acting, and we will guarantee their success. As Mr. Tayleur gives us three of these, "Humpty Dumpty" is certain of a run upon its *dona fide* merits.

Indeed, we much question whether "Humpty Dumpty" will not be the success of the season.

If not built up with one of those princely disregards to expense which characterize a neighboring management, it is in any case thoroughly well placed upon the stage. This is of course due to its manager, the Clown, Mr. G. L. Fox, to whom hereafter the young will look up reverentially, and with a far from unnatural preference to the Forrests, the Booths, the Ponis, and the remainder of his graver brethren and sisters.

At a recent concert for the benefit of the Conservatory of Music, Miss Alice Topp sustained her reputation as a brilliant Pianiste, and Miss Annie Keenan sang with great archness and taste.

ART GOSSIP.

At the last monthly meeting of the Century Club, there was a very interesting exhibition of pictures from the studios of several well-known artists. A small picture in oil of Spanish architectural scenery, by S. Colman, and another in water-colors by the same artist, were much admired. There was an excellent portrait here of an elderly gentleman, painted by H. P. Gray. Two landscapes by Homer Martin, one of solemn mountain scenery, the other a tranquil autumnal landscape; a couple of figure-pieces by Winslow

Homer; a "Village Forge," by J. W. Ehninger, and a clever bit of French rural scenery from the same pencil; a marine view by R. Swain Gifford; a cattle-piece by Terry; one of S. R. Gifford's luminous Indian summer landscapes; a slighting scene in Central Park, by E. L. Henry; a Spanish "Gitana," by G. H. Hall—these may be named as the most attractive pictures displayed on the occasion. A cleverly characterized and highly-finished portrait bust, in white marble, of a lady with a very classical contour of head, by Launt Thompson, was also on view in the room.

The time for closing the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design, announced for March 4th, was extended to the 11th, between which days a great number of persons visited the galleries. The summer exhibition will open on or about April 15th.

Mr. F. Melbye, an artist well-known here by his striking pictures of lake and mountain scenery, has lately been at Hong-Kong, and will shortly, we believe, proceed to Japan, for the purpose of obtaining artistic material from among the scenery and people of that little-explored country. Mr. Melbye is one of three brothers, Danes by birth, all of whom have made positions for themselves in art circles on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. W. J. Hennessy has nearly finished a picture which he intends to exhibit at the Academy of Design. It is a conception of early morning in the springtime, when the apple blossoms are in full blow; and the fresh young character of the scene is enhanced by the figure of a pretty girl in a blue dress, leaning upon the orchard fence.

Another worker for the approaching Academy Exhibition is Mr. Edwin Forbes, who will contribute a characteristic picture of cabinet size, just finished by him. The subject is from the mass of material accumulated by Mr. Forbes during his marches with the army. A veteran and weather-beaten Zouave, mounted upon a brown horse, is leading a white and very passive ox, round whose neck many results of a recent foraging excursion are hung. The scene lies on the yellow road that winds through a dark pine-wood, and groups of cattle and figures are seen in the rear.

Mr. A. Ordway has now on his easel, with a view to the Academy walls, a landscape of Massachusetts scenery, with masses of tree foliage in the foreground, and yellow grain fields further away.

We have lately seen in the studio of Mr. David Johnson two landscapes on which he is now engaged, and which are nearly finished. One of these is a large view of "Echo Lake," and is marked by solemnity in its elements of wooded mountain, dark pine trees, and still water. The other is a landscape of opposite character—a bright and pastoral scene, with a brook tinkling down to the foreground, fine trees to the left of the composition, and a peep of village roofs through the foliage beyond. Either or both of these pictures would figure well on the Academy walls, but Mr. Johnson, we believe, does not intend contributing to the approaching exhibition.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE STATE REGISTER. Prepared by JOHN LYNDEN. New York: Union Law Company, 128 Broadway.

A most valuable book of reference for merchants, bankers, lawyers, and official gentlemen; containing the lawyers in the United States, the State and county officers, the organization, jurisdiction and terms of the courts for every State and Territory; the officers of the Federal Government; the duties of the several departments; sketches of all the members of Congress; the officers and terms of the Federal courts; the laws for collecting debts, executing deeds, verifying claims, and taking testimony, with forms for every State.

ORATORY, SACRED AND SECULAR. BY WILLIAM FITZGERALD. New York: Samuel R. Wells.

A valuable manual for all anxious to attain excellence in extempore public speaking. It contains in a form as condensed as is consistent with clearness of statement, an exposition of the rules and methods of practice by which readiness of expression and an acceptable style may be acquired; with remarks on the characteristics of some of the most celebrated orators. A "Chairman's Guide" is appended.

JOHNNY DODGE; OR, THE FREAKS AND FORTUNES OF AN IDLE BOY. BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co.

A little book for little boys, detailing in a very pleasing and somewhat humorous way, the incidents, adventures, and troubles that befell a naughty schoolboy in his progress from his mother's apron-string to years of discretion.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, of Philadelphia: "People's" editions of "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Great Expectations," "Sketches by Boz," Dickens's "New Stories," "American Notes," and "Uncommercial Traveller," also, "My Son's Wife," and cheap editions of "Little Dorrit," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Our Mutual Friend," "Bleak House," "Sketches by Boz," "The Holly Tree Inn," "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and "Guy Rannering."

FROM VIRTUE & YORSTON, of New York, "The Art Journal," with a number of fine engravings on steel and wood.

FROM DAUGHADAY & Co., of Philadelphia, "Early Efforts," a pretty little volume of poems by Linda Warfel.

FROM BENJAMIN BLOOD, the author's private edition of "The Colonnades," a poem. Amsterdam, New York.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

A BRIBERY bill has been started in Parliament, and as all parties are theoretically opposed to the practice, any nostrum for its correction meets with general support. It has been proposed to refer bribery at election cases to the bench of judges, and so constitute them a supreme court; but the judges have declined the burden and responsibility. Royal commissions have been sent down formerly to investigate this stain on Parliamentary honor, but it is generally supposed with foregone conclusions. At all events, the Commons are not prepared to give up the important privilege of determining the "unsold doves" perched on their own benches. There is, in fact, a good deal of mutual forbearance, commonly called "compromise," on disputed elections, and the political working of the judges might weed out too many "useful" hacks from the rival ranks. Extended constituencies and vote by ballot was suggested as a "remedial agent," but these will not come into operation at present. The bill for the placing the telegraphs at the disposition of the Government has been introduced—its forthcoming was shadowed in a former letter, as well as the practical results of official administration of scientific departments. The administration of the Admiralty is a bright example of this, and is at last to be overhauled by a "Select Committee." The dockyards are an acknowledged blot on the board. It requires little common sense to see that it is necessary to have as good armaments and greater courage than your neighbors to insure success. All the building energies are wasted on an unsatisfactory problem, a "crusading monitor." They might as well attempt to create a "flying turtle," as the monitor is the breaching-battery, and not the light brigade of the sea. Read, the chief constructor, says that his vessels will resist any artillery that can

be played against them, but there is much incredulity on that score.

The Alabama claims still excite attention, and some startling rumors reached here that the President was going to shut up the correspondence. As there is a great deal of good feeling on this side of the Atlantic, there are hopes of an amicable arrangement. A great deal depends in all these matters how the question is put; the "money or your life" demand might be curtly refused. After all, the Alabama cleared port as a hull, and got her armament elsewhere; the British Government stretched the law, or rather exceeded it, to seize the Wovern and Scorpion, and bought them when it was found that no legal authority existed for detaining them, in order to prevent their going out to the Confederates, and to show good-will to the Northern States. The whole question could be squeezed into a barrel out, as far as the law of nations is concerned, and turns on two points: Has a State a right to recognize a rebellion as belligerent? Is a hull a contraband of war?

The next subject of interest now is the Abyssinian Expedition, which progresses slowly, and is admitted by all to be likely to be a long and troublesome affair. The word "occupation" begins to be used; but although, according to some, the empire is Asiatic, administered by Semitic intelligence, there are troubles enough already, without adding to its burden a fanatical Christian Abyssinian people. Theodore has written like one of the old Ethiopian conquerors, threatening to overrun Egypt, and restore to Christianity the old empire of the Pharaohs. He cares but little for the other chiefs of Tigre, whose military movements are of the most cautious, if not cowardly character. The Egyptians are said to have been warned off, as they have shown a disposition to interfere. No doubt an Egyptian complication would be unpleasant, and result in a much larger force, say 60,000 men, making their appearance on the Red Sea, but official statements are tranquillizing, and the Viceroy has held his hand.

There is nothing new in Fenianism, but the Irish question will soon come before the Parliament. The proposed concessions will be, no doubt, finally ofttense, Catholic endowment, and educational progress. Time alone, however, can quiet the present agitation, that has evidently grown much feebler, and continued peace will enable some settlement to be made.

Marshal Niel is very active in mobilizing the new "Garde Mobile," and is making rapid preparations for the next campaign; and the Eastern question becomes every day more imminent. Servia is threatened, but has not "caved in," and Russia is concentrating on the frontier. The President of the Principality, long known to be so, is now admitted to be a Russian viceroy, and this year may see once more a European conflagration on a larger scale than the Crimean war, unless events take a more favorable turn. In Central Europe the relations of France and Prussia are not quite satisfactory.

The "Last of the Guelphs," the King of Hanover, has been threatening a return to his ancestral Schloss, and his defeated army, which wandered about in search of a home, has found one by French connivance and Austrian passports.

Italian affairs are much as they were, and the same may be said of Crete, which is still unsubdued, thanks to the presence of Greek black-and-white-runners and neutral men-of-war. Crete, however, is a small affair after all, and is of no importance as long as there is no European intervention.

There has been a great fight in the French Chambers over the liberty of the press. All press offenses, and their name is legion, are proposed to be referred to the Correctional Tribunals, the judges of which are promoted according to severity, not seniority. This has raised a howling storm of indignation from the opposition. All the continental press is much in the same condition, and it is scarcely conceivable how it can exist. Warned, fined, imprisoned, challenged and fought, a continental editor ought to have the strength of a giant as well as the wealth of Croesus at command. But the press lives, notwithstanding, and has overthrown many governments and some empires. The error and obstinacy of governments which do not reconcile themselves with the institution! The French Emperor, or "Personal Government," as despotism is euphuistically styled, is thought by some to be imperilled, and the return to constitutional advisers and responsible ministers much urged; but it is easier to climb than descend, rise than fall, let it be from a tree or throne, as all discover too late. There is evidently a desire for more power in France, and the Chambers are becoming more unruly than they were.

The Japanese revolution has come off. There has long been a desire amongst the Daimios to get rid of Yoshinobu, the Tycoon, or Shogun, and supersede him by a Council of State. The Spiritual Emperor, Meikoteno, the Mikado, as he is called, is, however, nowhere, and the Tycoon is prepared, it seems, to fight it out.

Besides the plague of moths, Australia has two other plagues, pigs and kangaroos, the pigs having long been, and the kangaroos becoming a serious nuisance. The sheep farmers have poisoned the native dogs, and the black owners are dying out as civilization advances, so kangaroos have taken a start and become a serious nuisance. Now kangaroo is said to be very palatable, and make an excellent venison and soup. Our "gourmets" here might really have something like this for their palates could they only persuade the "colonials" to boil and preserve the "serious nuisance" for dis-Atlantic consumption. As to acclimatization, no real progress has been made in any one direction; the old domestic animals migrate with man, nothing more.

Judge Nelson Administering the Oath to Chief Justice Chase, as Presiding Officer of the Court of Impeachment, in the Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C., on the 5th of March, 1868.

On the 5th of March, inst., occurred the solemn ceremony of administering the oath to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, as President of the Court of Impeachment for the trial of Andrew Johnson. The inviting weather joined with the importance of the occasion to crowd the galleries of the Senate Chamber with eager spectators, the ladies, with characteristic curiosity, assembling in full force, and with their rich toilets and pretty faces lending a charm to the scene. Most of the representatives of foreign powers were present, with their wives and daughters, and correspondents and attaches of the leading newspapers of the country mustered in goodly numbers.

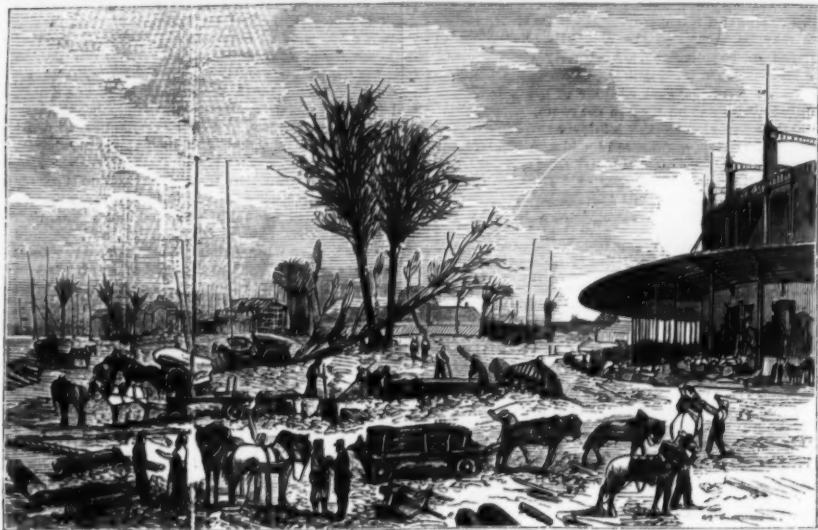
At one o'clock, P. M., Chief Justice Chase stepped into the Senate Chamber, followed by Judge Nelson. Both were clad in their judicial robes. They paused a moment at the head of the central aisle, while the Senators arose from their seats in ceremonious acknowledgment of the presence of those high dignitaries. The President of the Senate announced a suspension of legislative business.

The Chief Justice, escorted by Senator Pomeroy, advanced with dignity to the tribunal, and said:

"SENATORS: I am here in obedience to your notice for the purpose of proceeding with you in forming a court of impeachment for the trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. I am now ready to take the oath."

Judge Nelson then administered the oath, the Senators still standing until, the formality having been consummated, the Chief Justice assumed his seat as presiding officer of the Court. The engraving on our front page represents Judge Nelson administering the oath to the Chief Justice.

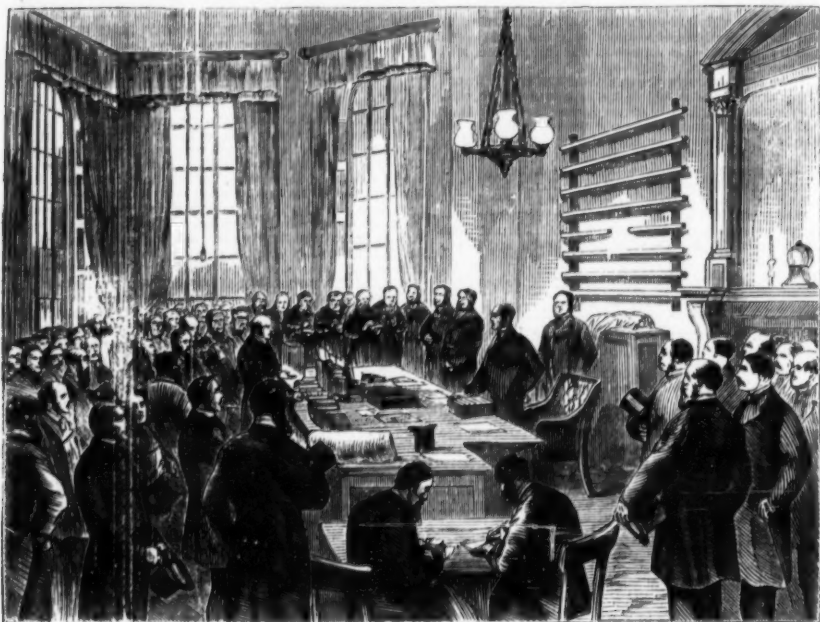
The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



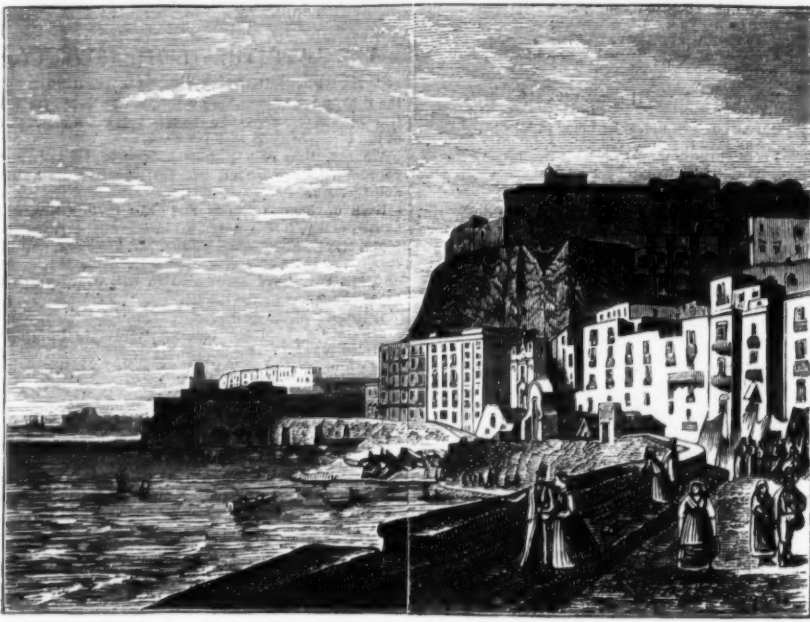
WORK OF DEMOLITION IN THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION PARK, PARIS, FRANCE.



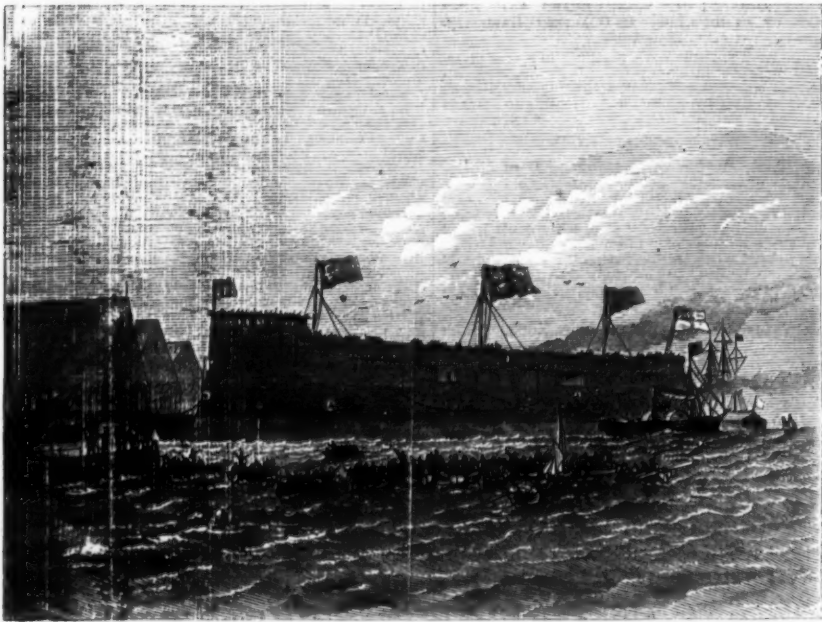
THE CARNIVAL AT VENICE—ARRIVAL OF NEAPOLITAN MASQUERADERS AT THE MOLE.



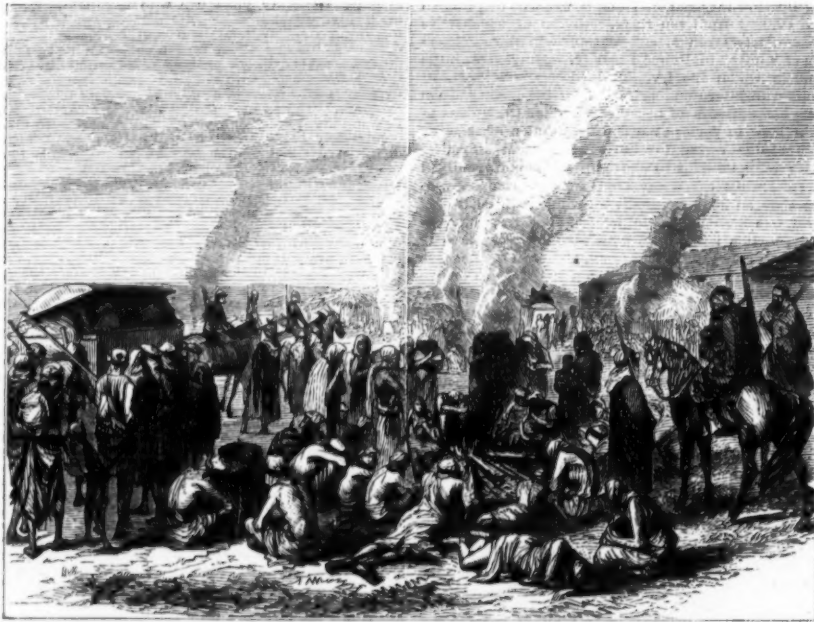
PRESENTATION OF THE LOYAL IRISH ADDRESS TO MR. GATHORNE HARDY, AT THE HOME OFFICE, ENGLAND.



VIEW OF THE QUAY SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES, ITALY, BEFORE THE LAND SLIDE DISASTER OF 28TH JANUARY LAST.



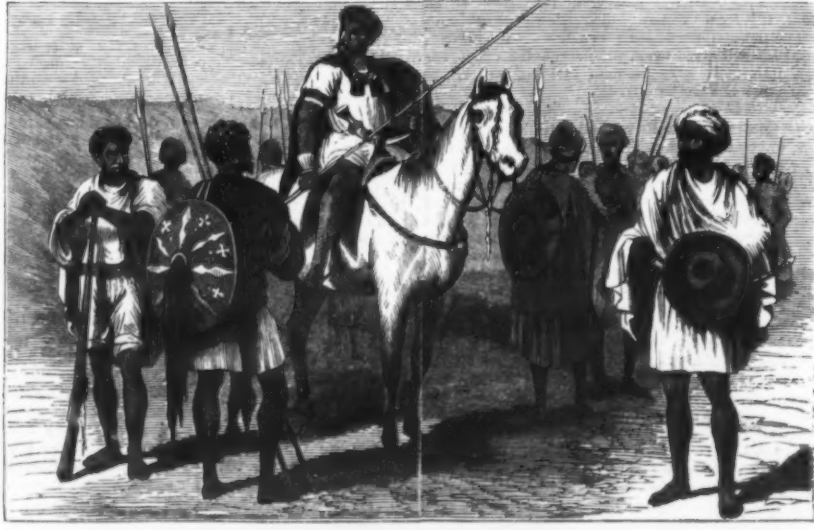
FLOATING OF THE BRITISH IRONCLAD "HERCULES," AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND.



ASYLUM FOR DESTITUTE ARABS ON THE BANKS OF THE CHELIF, NEAR MOSTAGANEM, ALGERIA.



THE KING OF SIAM ENTERING HIS PALACE AFTER A JOURNEY THROUGH THE PROVINCES.



TYPES OF ABYSSINIAN SOLDIERS.



THE POOR OF NEW YORK CITY RECEIVING FOOD AT THE (TOMB) CITY PRISON.—SEE PAGE 27.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Demolition of "the Universal Exposition" on the Champ de Mars, Paris, France.

The demolition of the principal buildings in the Exhibition Park has commenced, and one after another the structures vanish, leaving behind a scene of confusion and ruin where all before was grandeur and beauty. The great palace, however, still remains intact in its exterior features, but within those vast walls there is nothing to remind the spectator of the magnificent achievements of art and industry once collected there. It is rumored in Paris that the building has been sold by private agreement to a company of foreign contractors for the sum of 1,100,000 francs. In the north-west section of the park several of the Oriental structures are still to be seen, but the details of ornamentation in most cases have already been assailed. The temple of Edfou, with its avenue of granite sphinxes, is still intact; so is the caravan-sary and the Viceroy's palace. The flimsy Chinese pavilions have survived the storms that have lately raged on the banks of the Seine. The Turkish mosque, including its fountains and its minaret—lata and plaster constructions though they be—look as fresh as they did the first day they were exposed to view. The Tunisian palace still retains its marvelous color and gilding, and it seems as though some superior influence has delayed the issuing of the fiat for the destruction of these interesting examples of Oriental art. Our engraving represents the work of general demolition.

Presentation of the Loyal Irish Address to Mr. Gathorne Hardy, at the Home Office, London.

The office of Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary of State for the Home Department, in London, was, on the 12th of February last, the scene of a very interesting and

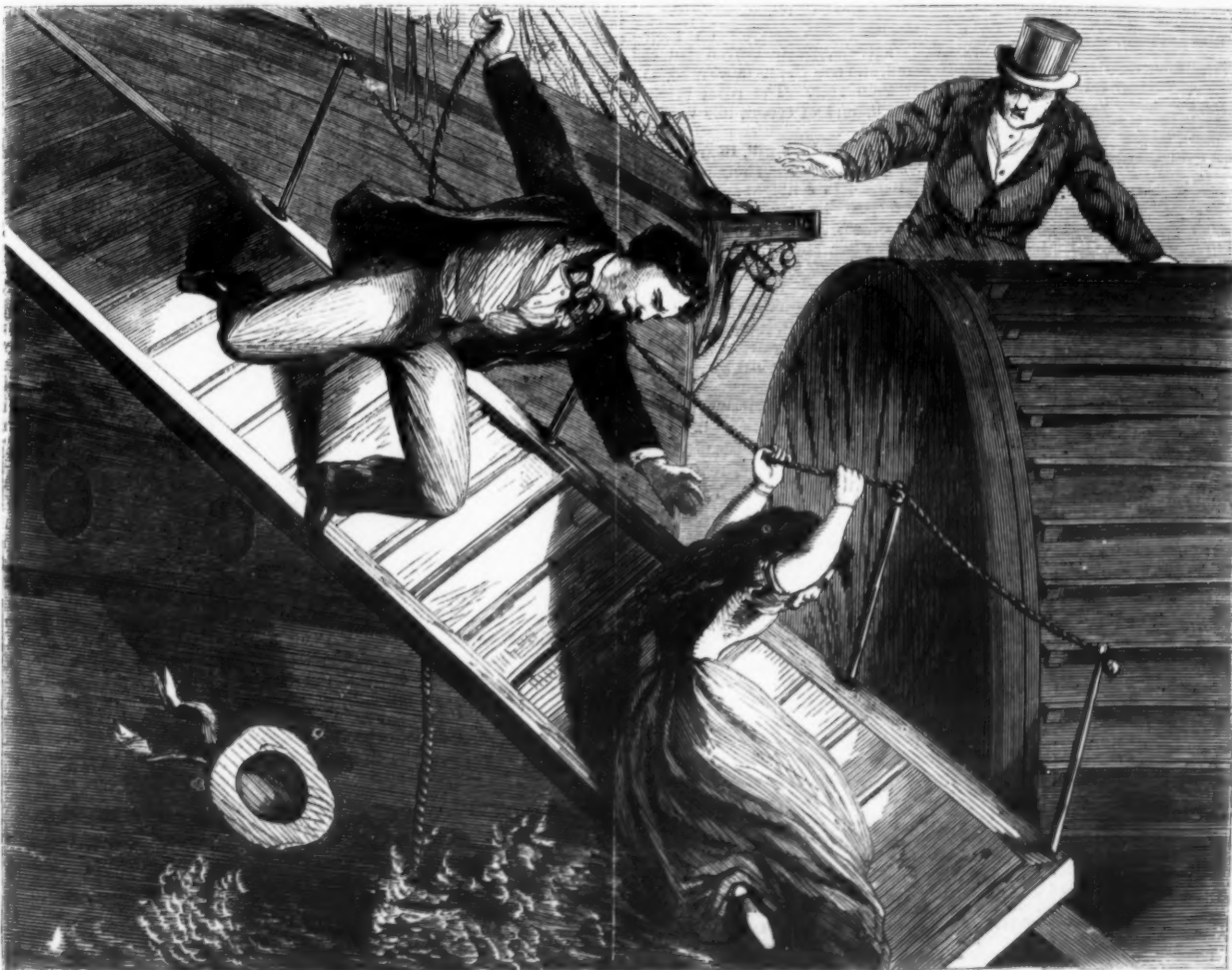
significant ceremony. A deputation of loyal Irishmen, numbering over eighty of the most distinguished and influential residents, headed by Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., waited upon the Secretary, for the purpose of submitting an address for presentation to the Queen, in which their detestation of the Fenian conspiracy was

expressed in clear and decided terms. Mr. Seymour, in presenting the address, called attention to the character of the gentlemen comprising the deputation, and remarked that their presentation was heartily supported by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, the Bishop of Southwark, and the majority of the

Roman Catholic priests of London. The interference by Americans or other foreigners in Irish politics was severely denounced, and hope expressed that the Government would adopt measures that would do away with the vast amount of dissatisfaction felt by the Irish people. The address was received by Mr. Hardy in the most cordial manner, and after a season of pleasant intercourse, the delegation withdrew. A communication was subsequently received from the Home Secretary, in which the acceptance of the address by the Queen was announced.

Floating of the British Ironclad Hercules.

The English Government has just completed one of the most formidable ships of war ever constructed, and in all its details the monster frigate evinces wonderful proficiency in the science of naval architecture. The Hercules is an entirely iron-built, armor-clad ship, 332 feet in length, and 50 feet wide. One of the most noticeable features of the vessel is her ram-bow, which is more vertical than that of any craft afloat. The ram itself is a solid forging, and weighs upward of five tons. The armor-plates are on an average nine inches in thickness, and, including those about the bulkheads and the bolts used to secure them, will weigh over 1,333 tons. The armament will consist of fourteen guns, eight



THE CHILD WIFE—"A MAN GLIDING DOWN THE SLOPE, HAD THROWN HIS ARM AROUND THE IMPERILED GIRL."—SEE PAGE 22.

which are 400-pounders, located on the main deck. The hull is pierced there for four guns aside on the broadside, the two foremost and the two hindmost framing through embrasures in the diagonal ends of the central battery-box. Large triangular recesses are indented in the sides of the ship to permit the passage of balls. Our illustration represents the Hercules being towed to her berth in the Medway by H. M. S. *Blanche*.

The King of Siam Re-entering his Palace After Visiting the Provinces.

The King of Siam has recently been making an extensive tour over his possessions, and has received the most profound homage of his subjects at every point. During his travels his majesty has made himself familiar with the wants and social condition of his people, and we may expect to hear of new and more liberal privileges being granted to that people by royal favor, for we are assured the present king entertains the same high opinion of practical science as did his honored father, to whom was due many of the improvements and the great intellectual advancement of the Siamese. Our illustration represents the King seated on the royal elephant and entering the courtyard of the royal palace at Bangkok, where he was greeted with those extreme marks of respect which are peculiar to Oriental subjects.

The Carnival at Venice—Arrival of Neapolitan Masqueraders at the Mole.

The picturesque City of the Sea, the gem of the Adriatic, Venice, offers peculiar advantages for the celebration of the carnival. To the stranger there is something in itself apparently unreal in the long, dark flowing canals, the gliding gondoles, the quaint and curious bridges, and the ancient palaces that lift their sculptured fronts above the waves. But when the gondolas are filled with masked revelers, each one arrayed in gorgeous or fantastic garb, and the strains of music are heard mingling with the "song of Adria's gondolier," the effect is beyond measure calving, grotesque and charming. Our engraving represents the arrival of a party of Neapolitans to take part in the festivity.

View of the Quay Santa Lucia and of the Pizzafalcone Barracks, Naples, Italy. Before the Land-slide on the 29th of Last January.

A terrible accident occurred in the city of Naples on the 29th of January last. At seven o'clock in the evening of that day, an enormous rock suddenly became detached from the hill Echia, at the angle of the streets Santa Lucia and Chiatamone, opposite the entrance of the Chateau de l'Oeuf, at the place called Panatica. This rock-slide, which no one could have foreseen, caused the most frightful ravages. The houses and shops at the base of the hill were crushed and all the inmates were buried in the ruins. Those that hastened to the assistance of the victims perceived that the work of extricating them would inevitably loosen other rocks from the summit. The architects and engineers, on visiting the Pizzafalcone Barracks, discovered crevasses that threatened destructive consequences. The Barracks and the Church of Santa Lucia were consequently immediately evacuated. The number of those who perished has not been ascertained. Our engraving represents the locality as it appeared before the disaster.

Arab Beggars at the Asylum of the Cheliff, near Mostaganhem, Algeria.

The native population of Algeria has, during the past winter, suffered intensely from famine. The French Government, for the better application of the funds that have been appropriated to the relief of the sufferers, has established a number of asylums in the afflicted region. At these places of refuge, men, women and children assemble from the surrounding country, half-naked, stricken with disease and struggling against starvation. Every evening and morning, food is distributed to the famished creatures, and at night three are kindled to protect them from the cold. Our engraving represents the asylum of the Grand Cheliff, on the banks of the Cheliff, between the province of Algiers and that of Oran.

Types of Abyssinian Warriors.

The soldiers that fight the battles of King Theodorus are not, judging from their characteristics as represented in our engraving, a very formidable military element to deal with. Their armor, defensive and offensive, is of a primitive description, scarcely fitted, on a fair field, to contend against the improved artillery and long range rifles of the British troops. But the Abyssinian warriors have some advantages on their side; they have the mountain roads and defiles of their country to assist in baffling the European foe. They have their tropical climate, their difficult distances, their alternations of drought and freshet, to oppose the invading army, and, upon the whole, poorly weaponed as they are, they may manage to make a good fight of it, with so many natural means of resistance in their favor.

The Poor of New York City Receiving Food at the (Tombs) City Prison.

We could wish a better fate for the deserving poor of this city than to be compelled to eat the bread of charity within the gloomy walls of a prison; but, at the same time, there does not seem to be any plan better calculated to afford relief to the hungry and destitute than that inaugurated by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, and now being carried into effect every morning at the Tombs, the Jefferson Market and Essex Market Prisons. The official order requires each police captain to supply "worthy persons out of employment with tickets for breakfast at the headquarters of the police district in which their precincts are respectively located." The hours fixed for the repast are between seven and eleven in the morning, though it is not probable that the late comers would be sent away hungry while there remained a supply on hand. Our engraving represents the scene at the Tombs City Prison shortly after the promulgation of the order. The old cook-house had been transformed into a breakfast-room for the occasion. Two pine tables, each about twenty-five feet long, extended nearly the whole length of the room. At these tables the motley crowd assembled and seated themselves on the plain wooden benches. They were plentifully furnished with soup of good quality, coffee, meat and bread. On the morning in question ninety-two breakfasted at this place; but as the programme is now more widely known, the daily attendance is much greater. The warden of the prison, Captain Coulter, has charge of the arrangements, and deserves credit for the efficient manner in which he is carrying out the purpose of the Commissioners.

BY THE HEARTH.

Was it only the bournless winter blast
I heard at the doorway, hurrying past?
Was it only the sob of the desolate rain
That mournfully sounded at the pane?
Or was it a dream,
By the flicker and gleam
Of firelight, here, in the cavernous hearth,
Where the great logs crackle with ruddy mirth,
As the pennons of flame upstream?

What if she stood at the door to-night,
Helpless, hopeless, weary and white?
What if she stole to the window there—
A piteous face with drenched hair?
What if the word
My fancy heard
From her own sad, eager lips had come?
Would mine to the pleading tones be dumb?
By the old, sweet voice unstirred?

And when she had passed from the outer gloom,
And knelt by the hearth in the shadowy room,
And warmed her wasted, shivering frame,
Would she feel how the happy, comforting flame,
Not alone with its glow
Mocks the wind and snow,
But the world and the bitter ways of men?
And, remembering Jesus and Magdalen,
Would I bid her tarry, or go?

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE CONSPIRACY OF CROWNS.

THE revolutionary throe, that shook the thrones of Europe in 1848, was but one of those periodical upheavings occurring about every half century, when oppression has reached that point to be no longer endurable.

Its predecessor of 1790, after some fitful flashes of success, alternating with intervals of gloom, had been finally struck down upon the field of Waterloo, and there buried by its grim executioner, Wellington.

But the grave once more gave up its dead; and before this cold-blooded janizary of despotism sank into his, he saw the ghost of that Liberty he had murdered start into fresh life, and threaten the crowned tyrants he had so faithfully served!

Not only were they threatened, but many of them dethroned. The imbecile Emperor of Austria had fled from his capital, as also the bureaucratic King of France. Weak William of Prussia was called to account by his long-suffering subjects, and compelled, upon bended knees, to grant them a Constitution!

A score of little kinglets had to follow the example; while the Pope, secret supporter of them all, was forced to forsake the Vatican—that focus and hotbed of political and religious infamy—driven out by the eloquent tongue of Mazzini and the conquering blade of Garibaldi.

Even England, secure in a profound funkism, which she loves to parade under the name of "loyalty," trembled at the cheers of the Chartists. Every crowned head in Europe had its "scare" or discomfiture; and, for a time, it was thought that Liberty was at length achieved.

Alas! it was but a dream of the people—short-lived and evanescent, to be succeeded by another long sleep, under an incubus, heavier and more horrid than that they had cast off.

While congratulating one another on their slight spasmodic success, their broken fetters were being repaired, and new chains fabricated, to bind them faster than ever. The royal blacksmiths were at work, and in secret, like Vulcan at his subterranean forge.

And they were working with a will, their object and interests being the same. Their common danger had driven them to a united action; and it was determined that their private quarrels should henceforth be set aside—to be resuscitated only as shame, when any of them required such filip to stimulate the loyalty of his subjects.

This was the new programme agreed upon. But, before it could be carried out, it was necessary that certain of them should be assisted to recover that ascendancy over their people, lost by the late revolution.

Sweeping like a tornado over Europe, it had taken one and all of them by surprise. Steeped in luxurious indulgence—in the exercise of petty spites and Sardanapalian excesses—confident in the vigilance of their trusted sentinel, Wellington—they had not perceived the storm till it came tearing over them. For the jailer of Europe's liberty was also asleep. Old age, with its weakened intellect, had stolen upon him; and he still dotingly believed in "Brown Bess," while Colt's revolver and the needle-gun were reverberating in his ears.

Yes, the victor of Waterloo was too old to aid the sons of those tyrant sires he had re-established on their thrones.

And they had no other military leader—not one. Among them there was not a soldier; while on the side of the people were the Bems and Dembinskys, Garibaldi, Damjanich, Klappa, and the Anglo-Hungarian Guyon—a constellation of flaming swords! As statesmen and patriots they had none to compete with Kossuth, Manin and Mazzini. In the field of fair fight—either military or diplomatic—the despots stood no chance. They saw it, and determined upon treachery.

For this they knew themselves provided with

* It is a fact, known to the author, that the victor of Waterloo, at the head of a Commission of Ordnance, pooch-pooched the adoption of the needle-gun in the British army. It was not equal to "Brown Bess" (the old smooth-bore musket); besides, it would be unsafe, as the soldiers would shoot one another. These were his reasons!

tools a plenty; but two that promised to prove specially effective—seemingly created for the occasion. One was an English nobleman—an Irishman by birth—born on the outside edge of the aristocracy, who, by ingenious political jugglery, had succeeded in making himself not only a member of the British Cabinet, but the most conspicuous diplomat in Europe.

And this without any extraordinary genius. On the contrary, his intellect was of the humblest kind, never rising above that of the trickster. As a member of the British Parliament his speeches were of a thoroughly common-place kind; usually marked by some attempted smartness, that but showed the puerility and poverty of his brain. He would often amuse the House by pulling off half-a-dozen pairs of white kid gloves during the delivery of one of his long written-out orations! It gave him an air of aristocracy—no small advantage in the eyes of an English audience.

For all this, he had attained to a certain degree of popularity; partly from the pretense of being on the Liberal side, but more from paltering to that fiend of false patriotism—national prejudice.

It was he who adopted the phrase so flattering to the British public, "*Civis Romanus sum*."

Had his popularity been confined to his countrymen, less damage might have accrued from it.

Unfortunately it was not. By a pretended leaning toward the interests of the peoples, he had gained the confidence of the revolutionary leaders all over Europe; and herein lay his power to do evil.

It was by no mere accident this confidence had been obtained. It had been brought about with a fixed design, and with heads higher than his for its contrivers. In short, he was the appointed political spy of the united despots—the decoy set by them for the destruction of their common and now dreaded enemy—the Republic. And yet that man's name is still honored in England; the country, where for two hundred years, respect has been paid to the traducers of Cromwell!

The second individual on whom the frightened despots had fixed their hopeful eyes was a man of a different race, though not so different in character.

He, too, had crept into the confidence of the revolutionary party, by a series of deceptions, equally well contrived, and by the same contrivers who had put forward the diplomatist. It is true, the leaders of the people were not unsuspicious of him. The hero of the Boulogne expedition, with the tamed eagle perched upon his shoulder, was not likely to prove a soldier of Freedom, nor yet its apostle; and in spite of his revolutionary professions, they looked upon him with distrust.

Had they seen him, as he set forth from England to assume the Presidency of France, loaded with bags of gold,* the contributions of the crowned heads—to secure it—they might have been sure of the part he was about to play.

He had been employed as a *derrière resort*—a last political necessity of the despots. Twelve months before, they would have scorned such a scurvy instrument, and did.

But times had suddenly changed. Orleans, and Bourbon, were no longer available. Both dynasties were defunct, or existing without influence. There was but one power that could be used to crush republicanism in France—the prestige of that great name, Napoleon, once more in the full sunlight of glory, with its sins forgiven and forgotten!

He who now represented it was the very man for their work: for they knew it was a task congenial. With coin in his purse, and an imperial crown promised for his reward, he went forth, dagger in hand, sworn to stab Liberty to the heart!

History records, how faithfully he has kept his oath!

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE PROGRAMME OF THE GREAT POWERS.

In a chamber of the Tuilleries five men were seated around a table.

Before them were decanters and glasses, wine bottles of varied shapes, an *epervier* filled with choice flowers, silver trays loaded with luscious fruits, nuts, olives—in short, all the materials of a magnificent dessert.

A certain odor of roast meats, passing off under the bouquet of the freshly decanted wines, told of a dinner just eaten, the dishes having been carried away.

The gentlemen had taken to cigars; and the perfume of finest Havana tobacco was mingling with the aroma of the fruit and flowers. Smoking, sipping, and chatting with light nonchalance, at times even flippantly, one could ill have guessed the subject of their conversation.

And yet it was of so grave, and secret, a nature, that the butler and waiters had been ordered not to re-enter the room—the double door having been close-shut on their dismissal—while in the corridor outside, a guard was kept by two soldiers in grenadier uniform.

The five men, thus cautious against being overheard, were the representatives of the Five Great Powers of Europe—England, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France.

They were not the ordinary ambassadors who meet to arrange some trivial diplomatic dispute; but plenipotentiaries with full power to shape the destinies of a continent.

And it was this that had brought together that five cornered conclave, consisting of an English Viscount, an Austrian Field-Marshal, a Russian Grand Duke, a distinguished Prussian diploma-

* It is well known that Louis Napoleon spent over a million pounds sterling upon the election that made him President of France. Only the initiated knew where the money came from. The prestige of the uncle's name might have been sufficient; but the crowned conspirators were determined to make things sure. It was from them he had his supplies; and so far as their interests were concerned, the money has been well laid out.

tist, and the President of France—host of the other four.

They were sitting in conspiracy against the peoples of Europe, set free by the late revolutions, with the design to plot their re-enslavement.

Their infamous scheme had been maturely considered, and perfected before adjourning to the dinner table.

There had been scarce any discussion: since, upon its main points, there was mutual accord.

Their after-dinner conversation was but a *résumé* of what had been resolved upon—hence, perhaps, the absence of that gravity befitting such weighty matter, and which had characterized their conference at an earlier hour.

They were now resting over their cigars and wines, jocularly agreeable, as a band of burglars, who have arranged all the preliminaries for the "cracking of a crib."

The English Viscount seemed especially in good humor, with himself and all the others. Distinguished throughout his life for what some called an amiable levity, but others thought to be an unamiable heartlessness, he was in the element to delight him. Of origin not very noble, he had attained to the plenitude of power; and now saw himself one of five men, entrusted with the affairs of the Great European Aristocracy, against the European people. He had been one of the principal plotters—suggesting many points of the scheme that had been agreed upon, and from this, as also the greatness of the nation he represented, was acknowledged as having a sort of tacit chairmanship over his fellow-conspirators.

The real presidency, however, was in the Prince-President—partly out of regard to his high position, and partly that he was the host.

After an hour or so passed in desultory conversation, the "man of a mission," standing with his back to the fire, with hands parting his coat tails—the habitual attitude of the Second Napoleon—took the cigar from between his teeth, and made *résumé* as follows:

"Understood then, that you, Prussia, send a force into Baden, sufficient to crush those pot valiant German collegians, mad no doubt from drinking your villainous Rhine wine!"

"Mercy on Metternich, *cher President*. Think of Johannisberger!"

It was the facetious Englishman who was answerable for this.

"Ya, mein Prinz, ya," was the more serious response of the Prussian diplomatist.

"Give 'em grape, instead of grapes," put in the punster.

"And you, Highness, bind Russia to do the same for these hogdrovers of the Hungarian Pusztas?"

"Two hundred thousand men are ready to march down upon them," responded the Grand Duke.

"Take care you don't catch a Tartar, *mon cher alléce*!" cautioned the punning plenipotentiary.

"You're quite sure of George, Marshal?" went on the President, addressing himself to the Austrian.

"Quite. He hates this Kossuth as the devil himself, and perhaps a little worse. He'd see him and his Hovveds at the bottom of the Danube; and I've no doubt will hand them over, neck and crop, as soon as our Russian allies show themselves over the frontier."

"And a crop of necks you intend gathering, I presume?" said the heartless wit.

"*Tres bien*!" continued the President, without noticing the sallies of his old friend the viscount. "I, on my part, will take care of Italy. I think I can trust superstition to assist me in restoring poor old Pio Nono."

"Your own piety will be sufficient excuse for that, *mon Prince*. 'Tis a holy crusade, and who more fitted than you to undertake it? With Garibaldi for your Saladin, you will be called Louis of the Lion-heart!"

The gay viscount laughed at his own conceit; the others joining him in the cachinnation.

"Come, F—" jokingly rejoined the Prince President, "it's not meet for you to be merry. John Bull has an easy part to play in this grand game!"

"Easy you call it? He's got to provide the stakes—the monisch. And after all, what does he gain by it?"

"What does he gain by it? *Pardieu*! You talk that way in memory of your late scare by the Chartists? *Foi d'honnête homme*! if I hadn't played special constable for him, you, *cher vicomte*, instead of being here as a plenipotentiary, might have been this day enjoying my hospitality as an exile!"

"Ha—ha—ha! Ha—ha—ha!"

Grave Slave, and graver Teuton—Russia, Prussia—and Austria took part in the laugh, all three delighted with this joke at the Englishman's expense.

But their *debonaire* fellow-conspirator felt no spite at his discomfiture, else he might have retorted, by saying:

"But for John Bull, my dear Louis Napoleon, and that service you pretend to make light of, even the purple cloak of your great uncle, descending as if from the skies, and flouted in the eyes of France, might not have lifted you into the proud position you now hold—the chair of a President, perhaps to be yet transformed into the throne of an Emperor!"

But the Englishman said naught of this. He was too much interested in the hoped for transformation to make light of it just then, and instead of giving rejoinder, he laughed loud as any of them.

A few more glasses of Moot and Maderia, with a "tip" of tokay to accommodate the Austrian Field-marshal, another regalia smoked amidst more of the same kind of *persiflage*, and the party separated. Two only remained—Napoleon and his English guest.

It is possible—and rather more than probable—that two greater "shysters" never sat together in the same room!

I anticipate the start which this statement will call forth—I am prepared for the supercilious sneer. It needs experience, such as revolutionary leaders sometimes obtain, to credit the *scoundrelism* of conspiring crowns, though ten minutes spent in listening to the conversation that followed, would make converts of the most incredulous.

There was no lack of confidence between the two men. On the contrary theirs was the thickness of thieves; and much in this light did they look upon one another.

But they were thieves on a grand scale, who had stolen from France one-half of its liberty, and were now plotting to deprive it of the other.

Touching glasses, they resumed discourse, the Prince speaking first:

"About this purple robe? What step should be taken? Until I've got that on my shoulders, I feel weak as a cat. The Assembly must be consulted about everything. Even this paltry affair of restoring the Pope, will cost me a herculean effort."

The English plenipotentiary did not make immediate reply. Tearing a kid glove between his fingers, he sat reflecting—his very common face contorted with an expression that told of his being engaged in some perplexing calculation.

"You must make the Assembly more tractable," he at length replied, in a tone that showed the joking humor had gone out of him.

"True. But how is that to be done?"

"By weeding it."

"Weeding it?"

"Yes. You must get rid of the Blancs, Rollins, Barbes, and all that *canaille*."

"*Eh bien?* But how?"

"By disfranchising their *sans culottes* constituency—the blouses."

"*Mon cher vicomte!* You are surely jesting?"

"No, *mon cher prince*. I'm in earnest."

"*Sacré!* Such a bill brought before the Assembly would cause the members to be dragged from their seats. Disfranchise the blouse voters! Why there are two millions of them!"

"All the more reason for your getting rid of them; and it can be done. You think there's a majority of the deputies who would be in favor of it?"

"I'm sure there is. As you know, we've got the Assembly packed with the representatives of the old regime. The fear would be from the outside rabble. A crowd would be certain to gather, if such an act was in contemplation, and you know what a Parisian crowd is, when the question is political?"

"But I've thought of a way of scattering your crowd, or rather hindering it from coming together."

"What way, *mon cher?*"

"We must get up the comb of the Gallic cock—set his feathers on end."

"I don't comprehend you."

"It's very simple. On our side we'll insult your Ambassador, De Morny—some trifling affront that can be afterward explained and apologized for. I'll manage that. You then recall him in great anger, and let the two nations be roused to an attitude of hostility. An exchange of diplomatic notes, with sufficient and spiteful wording, some sharp articles in the columns of your Paris press—I'll see to the same on our side—the marching hither and thither of a half dozen regiments, a little extra activity in the dockyards and arsenals, and the thing's done. While the Gallic cock is crowing on one side of the channel, and the British bull-dog barking on the other, your Assembly may pass the disfranchising act without fear of being disturbed by the blouses. Take my word it can be done."

"Viscount! you're a genius!"

"There's not much genius in it. It's simple as a game of dominoes."

"It shall be done. You promise to kick De Morny out of your court? Knowing the reason, no man will like it better than he!"

"I promise it."

The promise was kept. De Morny was "kicked out" with a silken slipper, and the rest of the programme was carried through—even to the disfranchising of the blouses!

It was just as the English diplomat had predicted. The French people, indignant at the supposed slight to their ambassador, in their mad hostility to England lost sight of themselves; and while in this rabid condition, another grand slice was quietly cut from their fast attenuated freedom. And the programme of that more extensive, and still more sanguinary, conspiracy was also carried out to the letter.

Before the year had ended, the perjured King of Prussia had marched his myrmidons into South Germany, trampling out the revived flame of Badish and Bavarian revolution; the ruffian soldiers of the Second Napoleon had forced back upon the Roman people their detested hierarchy; while a grand Cossack army of two hundred thousand men was advancing iron-heeled over the plain of the Puszta to tread out the last spark of liberty in the East.

This is not romance: it is history!

CHAPTER XXIV.—A TREACHEROUS STAGING.

MEN make the crossing of the Atlantic in a Cunard steamer, sit side by side, or *vis-à-vis*, at the same table, three and sometimes four times a day, without ever a word passing between them beyond the formula "May I trouble you for the castors?" or "The salt, please?"

They are usually men who have a very beautiful wife, a rich marriageable daughter, or a social position of which they are proud.

No doubt these vulnerable individuals lead a very unhappy life of it on board ship; especially when the cabin is crowded, and the company not over select.

This occurs on a Cunarder only when the Tweed-coated Canadians and "blue-noses" of Nova Scotia

are flocking for England, to make their fall purchases in the Manchester market. Then, indeed, the crossing of the Atlantic is a severe trial to a gentleman, whether he be English or American.

The Cambria was full of them; and their company might have tried Sir George Vernon, who was one of the assailable sort described. But as these loyal transatlantic shopkeepers had heard that he was Sir George Vernon, late Governor of B—, it was hands off with them, and the ex-governor was left to his exclusiveness.

For the very opposite reason was their company less tolerable to the Austrian count; who, republican as he was, could not bear the sight of them. Their loyalty stank in his nostrils, and he seemed to long for an opportunity of pitching one of said "blue-noses" overboard.

Indeed there was once he came near, and perhaps would have done so, but for the mediation of Maynard; who although younger than the count was of less irascible temperament.

Rosevelt was not without reason, as every American who has crossed in a Cunard ship in those earlier days may remember. The super-loyal Canadians were usually in the ascendancy, and with their claqueries and whisperings, made it very uncomfortable for their republican fellow-passengers—especially such republicans as the scene upon the Jersey shore had shown Maynard and Roosevelt to be. It was before the establishment of the more liberal Inman line, whose splendid ships are a home for all nationalities, hoisting the starry flag of America as high as the royal standard of England. Be grateful to them for so doing!

Returning to our text, that men cross the Atlantic in the same cabin and dine at the same table, without speaking to one another, there was an instance on board the Cambria. The men were Sir George Vernon and Captain Maynard.

At every meal their elbows almost touched: for the steward, no doubt, by chance, had ticketed them to seats side by side.

At the very first dinner they had ever eaten together, a coldness had sprung up between them that forbade all further communication. Some remark Maynard had made, intended to be civil, had been received with a hauteur that stung the young soldier; and from that moment a silent reserve was established.

Either would have gone without the salt, rather than ask it of the other!

It was unfortunate for Maynard, and he felt it. He longed to converse with that strangely interesting child; and this was no longer possible. Delicacy hindered him from speaking to her apart; though he could scarce have found opportunity, as her father rarely permitted her to stray from his side.

And by his side she sat at the table; on that other side where Maynard could not see her, except in the mirror!

That mirror lined the length of the saloon, and the three sat opposite to it when at table.

For twelve days he gazed into it during the eating of every meal; furiously at the face of Sir George, his glance changing as it fell on that other face reflected from the polished plate in hues of rose and gold. How often did he inwardly anathematize a Canadian Scotchman, who sat opposite, and whose huge shaggy "pow" interposed between him and the beautiful reflection!

Was the child aware of this second-hand surveillance? Was she too at times vexed by the exuberant *chevelure* of the Caledonian, that hindered her from the sight of eyes gazing affectionately, almost tenderly, upon her?

It is difficult to say. Young girls of thirteen have sometimes strange fancies. And it is true, though strange, that, with them, the man of thirty has more chance of securing their attention than when they are ten years older! Then, their young heart, unsuspecting of deception, yields easier to the instincts of Nature's innocence, receiving like soft plastic wax the impress of that it admires. It is only later, that experience of the world's wickedness trains it to reticence and suspicion.

During those twelve days Maynard had many a thought about that child's face seen in the glass—many a surmise as to whether, and what, she might be thinking of him.

But Cape Clear came in sight, and he was no nearer to a knowledge of her inclinations than when he first saw her, on parting from Sandy Hook! Nor was there any change in his. As he stood upon the steamer's deck, coasting along the southern shore of his native land, with the Austrian by his side, he made the same remark he had done within sight of Staten Island.

"I have a presentiment, that child will yet be my wife!"

And again he repeated it, in the midst of the Mersey's flood, when the tender became attached to the great ocean steamer and the passengers were being taken off—among them Sir George Vernon and his daughter—soon to disappear from his sight—perhaps never to be met again!

What could be the meaning of this presentiment, so seemingly absurd? Sprung from the gaze given him on the deck, where he had first seen her, continued by many a glance exchanged in the cabin mirror, left by her last look as she ascended the steps leading to the stage plank of the tender—what could be its meaning?

Even he who felt it could not answer the question. He could only repeat to himself the very unsatisfactory rejoinder he had often heard among the Mexicans, "*Quien sabe?*"

He little thought how near that presentiment was of being strengthened.

One of those trivial occurrences, that come so close to becoming an accident, chanced as the passengers were being transferred from the steamer to the "tug."

The aristocratic ex-Governor, shy of being hustled by a crowd, had waited to the last, his luggage having been passed before him. Only Maynard, Roosevelt, and a few others still stood upon the gangway, politely giving him place.

Sir George had stepped out upon the staging, his daughter close following; the mulatto, bag in hand with some space intervening, behind.

A rough breeze was on the Mersey, with a strong, quick current; and by some mischance the hawser, holding the two boats together, suddenly gave way. The anchored ship held her ground, while the tug drifted rapidly sternward. The stage-plank became slewed, its outer end slipping from the paddle-box just as Sir George set foot upon the tender. With a crash it went down upon the deck below.

The servant, close parting from the bulwarks, was easily dragged back again; but the child, half-way along the staging, was in imminent danger of being projected into the water. The spectators saw it simultaneously, and a cry from both ships proclaimed the peril. She had caught the hand-ropes, and was hanging on, the slanted plank affording her but slight support!

And in another instant it would part from the tender, still driving rapidly astern! It did part, dropping with a splash upon the seething waves below. But not before a man, gliding down the slope, had thrown his arm around the imperiled girl, and carried her safely back over the bulwarks of the steamer!

There was no longer a coldness between Sir George Vernon and Captain Maynard; for it was the latter who had rescued the child.

As they parted on the Liverpool landing, hands were shaken, and cards exchanged—that of the English baronet accompanied with an invitation for the revolutionary leader to visit him at his country-seat; he address given upon the card, "Seven Oaks, Kent."

It is scarce necessary to say that Maynard promised to honor the invitation, and made careful registry of the address.

And now, more than ever, did he feel that strange forecast, as he saw the girl's face, with its deep blue eyes looking gratefully from the carriage-window, in which Sir George, with his belongings, was whirled away from the wharf. His gaze followed that thing of roseate hue; and long after it was out of sight he stood thinking of it.

It was far from agreeable to be aroused from his dreamy reverie—even by a voice friendly as that of Roosevelt! The count was by his side, holding in his hand a newspaper. It was the *Times* of London, containing news to them of painful import.

It did not come as a shock. The journals brought aboard by the pilot—as usual, three days old—had prepared them for a tale of disaster. What they now read was only its confirmation.

"It's true!" said Roosevelt, pointing to the conspicuous capitals:

THE PRUSSIAN TROOPS HAVE TAKEN

RASTATT!

THE BAVARIAN REVOLUTION AT AN END!

As he pointed to this significant heading, a wild oath, worthy of one of Schiller's student robbers, burst from the lips of the revolutionary count, while he struck his heel down upon the floating wharf, as though he would have crushed the plank beneath him.

"A curse!" he cried, "an eternal curse upon the perjured King of Prussia! And those stupid North Germans! I knew he would never keep his oath to them!"

Maynard, though sad, was less excited. It is possible that he bore the disappointment better by thinking of that golden-haired girl. She would still be in England; where he must needs now stay. This was his first reflection. It was not a resolve; only a transient thought.

It passed almost on the instant, at an exclamation from Roosevelt, once more reading from the paper:

"*Kossuth still holds out in Hungary; though the Russian army is reported as closing around Arad!*"

"Thank God!" cried Roosevelt; "we may yet be in time for that!"

"Should we not wait for our men? I fear we two could be of slight service without them."

The remembrance of that angelic child was making an angel of Maynard!

"Slight service! A sword like yours, and mine! *Pardonnez-moi!* Who knows, *cher capitaine*, that I may not yet sheathe it in the black heart of a Hapsburg? Let us on to Hungary! It is the same cause as ours."

"I agree, Roosevelt. I only hesitated, thinking of your danger, if taken upon Austrian soil."

"Let them hang me if they will. But they won't, if we can only reach Kossuth and his brave companions, Aulich, Peretz, Dembinsky, Nagy, Sandor and Damjanich. Maynard, I know them all. Once among these, there is no danger of the rope. If we die, it will be sword in hand, and among heroes. Let us on, then, to Kossuth!"

"To Kossuth!" echoed Maynard, and the golden-haired girl was forgotten!

CHAPTER XXV.—THE FIFTH AVENUE HOUSE.

THE Newport season was over. Mrs. Girdwood had returned to her splendid mansion in the Fifth Avenue, soon to receive a visitor, such as even Fifth Avenue houses do not often entertain—an English lord. Mr. Swinton, the nobleman *incog.*, had accepted her invitation to dinner.

It was to be a quiet family affair. Mrs. Girdwood could not well have it otherwise, as the circle of her acquaintance fit to meet such a distinguished guest was limited. She had not been long in the Fifth Avenue house—only since a little before the death of her late husband, the deceased storekeeper, who had taken the place at her earnest solicitations.

In fact it was whispered, that the grand mansion had caused his death. It was too splendid for comfort—it required a complete change in his habits; and perhaps he was troubled about the expense, which was wholesale, while he had been all his life accustomed to the retail.

From whatever cause, his spirits sank under its lofty ceilings, and after wandering for three months, through the spacious apartments, listening to his own lonely tread, he lay down upon one of its luxurious couches and died!

It was more cheerful after his demise; but as yet unvisited by the *déjeûner*. Mr. Swinton was the first of this class, who was to stretch his limbs under the Girdwood mahogany; but then he was at the head of it. A good beginning, reflected widow Girdwood.

"We shall have no one to meet you, my lord. We are too busy in preparing for our voyage to Europe. Only the girls and myself. I hope you won't mind that?"

"Fwy, madame, don't mention it. Yaw own intewesting family; just the sawt of thing I take pleasur in. Nothing baws me more than one of those great parties—gwand kwashes, as we call them in England."

"I'm glad of it, my lord. We shall expect you then on next Tuesday. Remember, we dine at seven."

This brief dialogue occurred in the Ocean

House at Newport, just as Mrs. Girdwood was getting into the hack to be taken to the New York boat.

Tuesday came, and along with it Mr. Swinton, entering the Fifth Avenue mansion at seven P. M., punctual to his appointment.

The house was lit up brilliantly, and in the same style was the guest got up, having dressed himself with the greatest care. So, too, the hostess, her daughter, and niece.

But the dining party was not yet complete; two others were expected, who soon came in.

They were Mr. Lucas and his acolyte, also returned to New York, and who, having made Mrs. Girdwood's acquaintance at Newport, through the medium of Mr. Swinton, were also included in the invitation.

It made the party compact and in proportion; three ladies, with the same number of gentlemen—the set of six—though perhaps in the eyes of the latter their hostess was *de trop*. Lucas had conceived thoughts about Julia, while his friend saw stars in the blue eyes of Cornelia. All sorted together well enough; Mr. Swinton being of course the lion of the evening. This from his being a stranger—an accomplished Englishman. It was but natural courtesy.

Again Mrs. Girdwood longed to make known how great a lion he was. But Mr. Swinton had sworn her to secrecy.

Over the dinner table the conversation was carried on without restraint. People of different nations, who speak the same language, have no difficulty in finding a topic. Their respective countries supply them with this. America was talked of; but more England. Mrs. Girdwood was going there by the next steamer—staterooms already engaged. It was but natural she should make inquiries.

"About your hotels in London—Mr. Swinton. Of course we'll have to stop at a hotel. Which do you consider the best?"

"Clawndon, of course. Clawndon in Bond street. Ba all means, go there, madame."

"The Clawndon," said Mrs. Girdwood, taking out her card-case, and pencilling the name upon a card. "Bond street, you say?"

"Bond street. It's our fashionable promenade, or rather the street where our best wademen have their shops."

"We shall go there," said Mrs. Girdwood, registering the address, and returning the card-case to her reticule.

It is not necessary to detail the conversation that followed. It is usually insipid over a dinner table, where the guests are strange to one another; and Mrs. Girdwood's guests came under this category.

For all that, everything went well and even cheerfully, Julia alone at times looking a little abstracted, and so causing some slight chagrin both to Lucas and Swinton.

Now and then, however, each had a glance from those bistre-colored eyes that flattered them with hopes for the future.

They were dread dangerous eyes, those of Julia Girdwood. Their glances had come near disturbing the peace of mind of a man as little susceptible as either Louis Lucas, or Richard Swinton.

The dinner party was over; the trio of gentlemen guests were taking their departure.

"When may we expect you in England, my lord?" asked the hostess, speaking to Mr. Swinton apart.

"By the next steamaw, madame. I wewget I shall not have the pleasur of being your fellow passenger. I am detained in this country by a twifle of business, in connection with the British Government. A great baw it is, but I cannot escape it."

"I am sorry," answered Mrs. Girdwood. "It would have been so pleasant for us to have had your company on the voyage. And my girls too, I'm sure they would have liked it exceedingly. But I hope we'll see you on the other side."

"Undoubtedly, madame. Indeed, I should be vewy misewable to think we were not to meet again. You go direct to London, of course. How long do you propose remaining there?"

"Oh, a long time—perhaps all the winter. After that we will go up the Rhine—to Vienna, Paris, Italy. We intend making the usual tour."

"You say you will stop at the Clawndon?"

"We intend so, since you recommend it. We shall be there as long as we remain in London."

"I shall take the libawty of pweenting my respects to you, as soon as I weach England."

"My lord! we shall look for you."

The drawing-room door was closed, the ladies remaining inside. The three gentlemen guests were in the entrance hall, footman and butler helping them to hat and surtout. Though they had not come in, all three went out together.

"Where now?" asked Lucas, as they stood upon the flags of the Fifth Avenue. "It's too early to go to bed."

"A vewy sensible observation, friend Lucas!" said Swinton, inspired by a free potation of the widow's choice wines. "Where do yaw say?"

"Well, I say, let's have some sport. Have you got any money upon you, Mr. Swinton?"

Mr. Lucas was still ignorant that his companion was a lord.

"Oh, yaw—yaw. A thousand of your demmed dollars, I believe."

"Excuse me for putting the question. I only asked in case you might require a stake. If you do, my little pile's at your service."

"Thanks—thanks! I'm weady for spawt—stake all pawvided."

Lucas led the way, from the Fifth Avenue to Broadway, and down Broadway to a "hell"; one of those snug little establishments in an off street, with supper set out, to be eaten only by the initiated.

Swinton became one of them. Lucas had reasons for introducing him. His reflections were:

"This Englishman appears to have money—more than he knows what to do with. But he didn't drop any of it in Newport. On the contrary, he must have increased his capital by the plucking of certain pigeons to whom I introduced him. I'm curious to see how he'll get along with the hawks. He's among them now."

The introducer of Swinton had an additional reflection, suggested by the remembrance of Julia Girdwood:

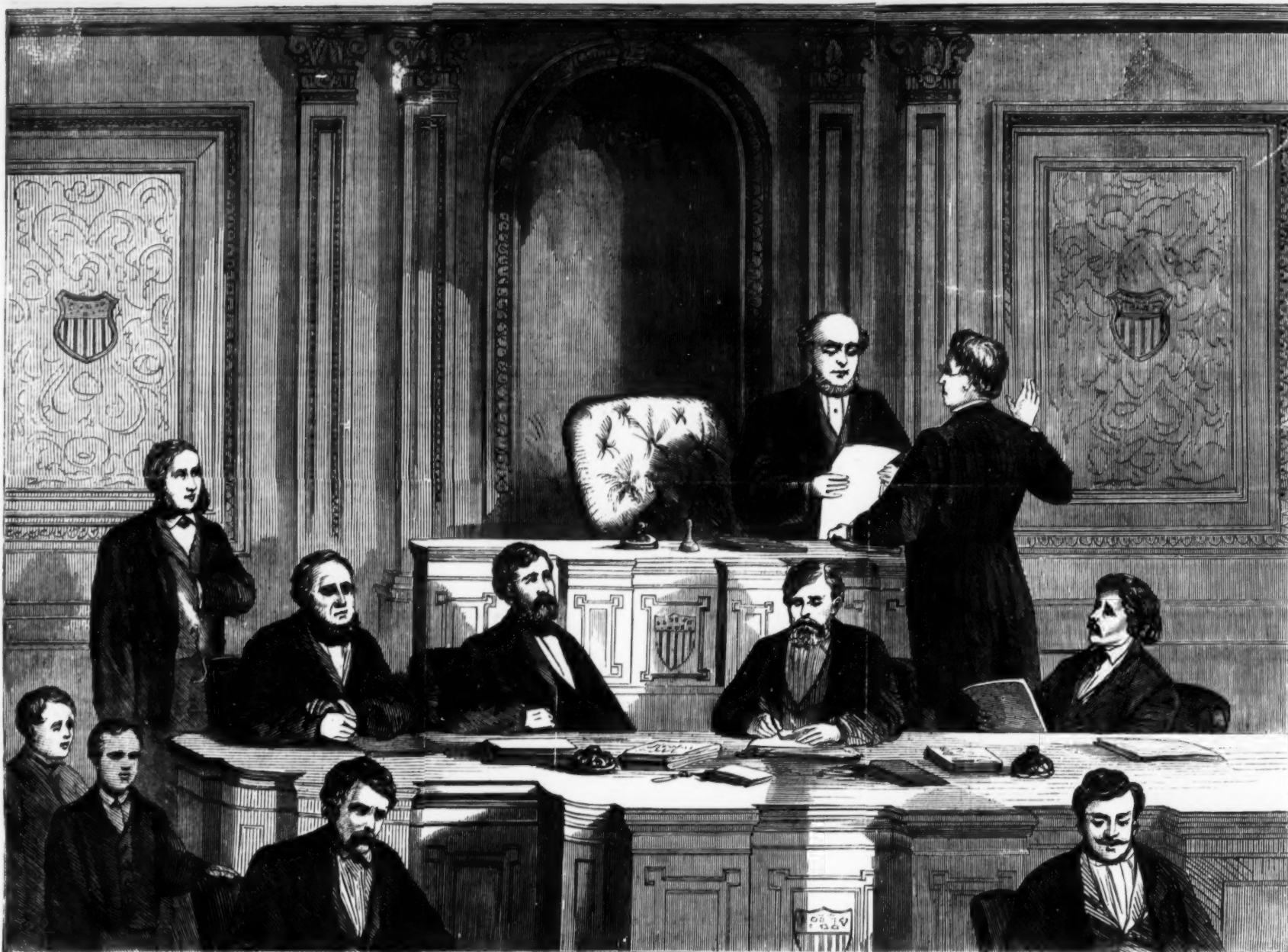
"I hope they'll get his thousand dollars—clear him out, the cur—and serve him right too. I believe he's a d—d schemer."

The wish had jealousy for its basis.

Before the gambler proclaimed his bank closed for the night, the false friend saw the realization of his hopes.

With all his devilish astuteness, the ex-guardian was not cunning in his cups. The free supper, with its cheap champagne, had reduced him to a condition of innocence resembling the pigeons he was so fair to pluck, and he left the hawk's nest without a dollar in his pocket!

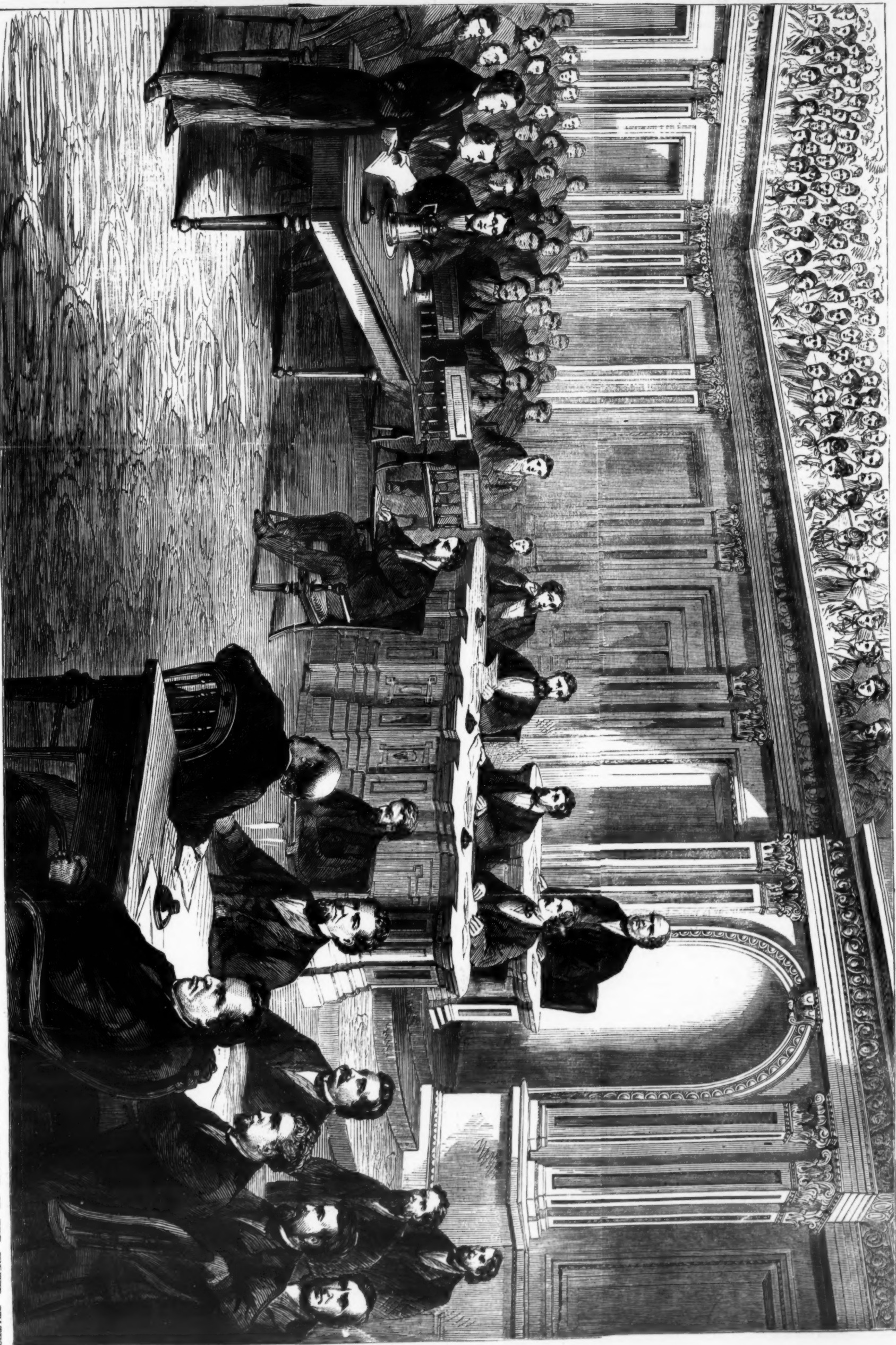
Lucas lent him one to pay for the hack that carried him to his hotel; and thus the two parted!



CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, AS PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF IMPEACHMENT, ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO SENATOR WADE, IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON THE 6TH MARCH.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 26.



MR. GEO. T. BROWN, THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE SENATE, SERVING ON PRESIDENT JOHNSON, AT HIS OFFICE IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C., THE SUMMONS TO APPEAR BEFORE THE HIGH COURT OF IMPEACHMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 26.



OPENING OF THE HIGH COURT OF IMPEACHMENT, IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON FRIDAY, THE 13TH MARCH, 1868, FOR THE TRIAL OF ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 26.

Chief Justice Chase, as Presiding Officer of the Court of Impeachment, Administering the Oath to Senator Wade, in the Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C., on the 6th of March, 1868.

THE process of administering the oath to the Senators at Washington, to qualify them as members of the Court of Impeachment, was interrupted on the 5th inst., by the opposition of Democratic members to the swearing in of Mr. Wade, upon the ground that, as President of the Senate, and, *ex-officio*, the successor apparent to the Executive Chair in case of the removal of Mr. Johnson, he is too directly and personally interested to render impartial judgment. The details of the controversy upon this subject have been given by the daily journals, and it is unnecessary for us to recapitulate them. The question was left undecided on the 5th, but on the following day Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, who originated the discussion, announced that as many gentlemen who agreed with him as to the merits did not consider it necessary for the issue to be decided at that stage of the proceedings, he withdrew the question. Senator Wade was therefore sworn, and the ceremony of administering the oath to one and all having been concluded, the Chief Justice declared the organization of the Senate as a High Court of Impeachment. Our engraving illustrates the scene at the moment when the oath was administered to Senator Wade.

Mr. Geo. T. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Serving on President Johnson the Summons to Appear before the Court of Impeachment.

FUTURE generations will turn to the pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to find a pictorial record of the localities identified with the great event of the present time—the Impeachment. Our artist in Washington has neglected no opportunity to enable us to present to the public true pictures, not only of the men, but the places that are associated with the national episode now occupying the popular attention. Among other scenes, we illustrate the service of the summons upon President Johnson, commanding him to appear before the Court of Impeachment. The service took place in the business office of Mr. Johnson, in the White House. At seven o'clock on the evening of the 7th March, inst., Mr. Geo. T. Brown, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, called at the White House. Upon the announcement of the usher that the office of the Senate desired to see Mr. Johnson, the latter directed Mr. Brown to be admitted. After the usual salutations, Mr. Brown said:

"Mr. President, I have here a package which I am ordered by the Senate of the United States to deliver to you."

At the same time he handed to the President a sealed envelope or package.

Mr. Johnson replied—Very well, sir; it shall have my attention.

Mr. Brown—Good-evening, Mr. President.

Mr. Johnson—Good-evening, Mr. Brown.

And Mr. Brown withdrew.

Shortly afterward the President opened the package and found therein the writ, including a copy of the articles of impeachment, and other papers connected with the proceedings.

Opening of the High Court of Impeachment, in the Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C., on Friday, the 13th of March, 1868, for the Trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

On Friday, the 13th of March, inst., the High Court of Impeachment, composed of the Senators and Chief Justice of the United States, was formally opened for the trial of Andrew Johnson, the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Every available space in the galleries was occupied, thousands having been denied admittance in consequence of their inability to obtain tickets. Two-thirds of the spectators were ladies, representing the *élite* of society, and enlivening the scene with their rich and elegant attire. To the right and left of the tribunal two long tables had been placed for the accommodation of the Managers of the Impeachment and the Counsel of the President. The members of the House of Representatives were provided with chairs in the rear of the Senators' desks.

Mr. Henry Stanberry, late U. S. Attorney-General, Mr. Benjamin R. Curtis, of Massachusetts, and Judge Thomas R. Nelson, of Tennessee, appeared as Counsel for Mr. Johnson; their associates, Jeremiah H. Black and William M. Everts being engaged elsewhere on imperative professional business.

At one o'clock, P. M. Chief Justice Chase entered the Senate Hall, and took his seat at the tribunal as presiding officer.

Mr. Johnson, through counsel, asked for forty days' delay to prepare an answer to the articles of impeachment. After considerable discussion it was ordered that the answer be filed on or before Monday, the 23d of March, inst., when the managers will put in their replication and the trial will at once proceed.

The Court then adjourned till the 23d inst., at one o'clock, P. M., and the first scene of the great national drama closed.

MARTHA.

It was a lonesome house, on a bleak, windy, moorlike stretch of land, where Martha and I had lived together, alone, for five weary years. I was away on a visit to my cousin Granton when Martha first saw Paul Spofford. She wrote to me, mentioning his name, and told me the little incident that led to their acquaintance, and that he came often to the house. After that she said no more about him; and, knowing Martha as well as I did, I smiled a little sadly to myself sometimes, when thinking of her, feeling how lonely my life would be when Martha had left me.

The night I reached home was miserably bleak and chill. November winds searched the hollows of the barren hillsides, and set the trees moaning and complaining, until the old stories of wild, rebellious, longing souls, pent up for punishment in the straight, hard limbs, came into my thoughts and made me shudder. But inside the house all was cheerful as firelight and soft lamplight could make it. The little sitting-room was swept and garnished, every nook and corner dusted and polished until the dear old furniture looked almost new. Martha herself looked new. Her pale, dark cheeks had a faint color in them; her large eyes, before so passionate through all the weary, enforced patience of our monotonous lives, had grown quiet, content, serene. Her hair was formed into wavy curls behind her shell-like ears, and one or two flowers—gifts, I fancied—two crimson, purple-hearted fuschias, and a dainty heartsease, lifted up and confined the tresses—otherwise too girlish for my cousin Martha, a strange, repressed woman of twenty-eight.

The table was set for three, its shining service helping wonderfully to brighten the small room. After I had taken off my bonnet and cloak, and answered a dozen questions asked in a much more interested manner than Martha was accustomed to use, I glanced at this, and smiled:

"Are we to have a lordly guest to-night?" I asked; "or is the table set for you and me—and Memory?"

Martha bent forward and stirred the fire. I knew she did this that the red glow might hide the other flame on her cheeks; and this and other little changes in her manner seemed to me so strange in Martha, I could not repress a wondering little smile, which you may be sure I kept to myself.

"Such wonders Love works!" I thought.

"Paul Spofford is coming to have tea with us to-night," answered Martha. "I know you will like him. I thought it would be pleasant to you to have a new face to welcome you, as well as the old one."

"The old face is very dear. But the more, on that account, I shall not object to the new one," I said, and, as I kissed her, half-laughing, a knock announced our guest.

I am certain I never saw a face that pleased me more at first sight than Paul's. Many handsomer, but not one more honest, and frank, and trustworthy. He shook hands very cordially with me, looking at me with a sort of pleased surprise.

"Your cousin is much younger than I had supposed," he said to Martha, as he greeted her; and added, simply, "I am sure I don't wonder that you missed her."

Somehow, it seemed to me, that neither the words nor the manner of them pleased Martha. I hastened to say, laughingly:

"Indeed, Mr. Spofford, it is only her own goodness that made her miss me. To let you into a secret, I have a shocking temper; besides, I am years older than I look, and feel years older than I am."

He laughed.

"Are you going to make yourself out a grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore? Give her some tea, Miss Martha, and sweeten her temper for this evening at least."

It was a very pleasant evening, and many similar ones followed it. But as time wore on Martha changed strangely; the color, so faint and pretty at first, became a hard burning spot in her cheeks; her eyes were no longer serene and almost happy, they were eager, intolerant, and too bright, following every step, every movement of mine with a suspicious impatience inexpressibly distressing. She treated Paul oddly, too: now winningly kind, gentle and sisterlike, and again fiercely suspicious of all he did or said. At times I have seen even a look of his change her whole aspect, her lips quivering, her eyes brightening till they seemed aflame, and yet darkening and deepening until they might have burned into their places in the socket. I feared that Martha was ill; but a feeling I cannot describe held me back when I would have mentioned my uneasiness to her, and I dared not say anything.

It was in February that Paul asked me to marry him. I did not tell Martha, and I refused him. I will not pretend that I did not love him, for I did, and truly; but love is a selfish passion, and often conflicts with duty. I felt strong enough, or thought I did, to put love aside, and take the path that seemed to me the right one. In spite of all the urgings of passion, all the aching desire of a longing and wounded heart, I knew that Right, followed loyally, rewards her servants; and I could look beyond the present time of pain and see the reaping of the plentiful harvest of peace from the seed now sown in tears. I was sure that Martha loved Paul, though he had never asked her to be his wife; and I felt that had I not returned to Moorhouse, her love would have awakened his. Those were dark days; but to me a light, born in heaven, seemed to shine across them, as if one saw a star within a waste of troubled waters.

One dark afternoon Martha came in from her bedroom, cloaked and bonneted. It had never struck me so sensibly before how thin her cheeks had grown, what a languor had crept over her person, in spite of the fierce brightness of her dark eyes—how nervous and steely seemed the movements of her thin hands. I had hardly liked to remonstrate with her, but as she opened the door to go out, the first slow drops from the low clouds began to fall, and seeing this, I went up to her rather timidly, and laid my hand on her arm.

"Martha, dear, you are not well," I said. "Pray be contented to stay with me this evening! Don't you think I am lonesome sometimes? And, indeed, it is wrong to expose yourself in such weather."

Martha's laugh was both scornful and weary. She shook my hand off.

"Not right? I answer for myself—there's no one to call me to strict account! If I should fall down dead on the hillside yonder, the very carrion crows would fly by me without stopping! There is not much here to tempt them."

She pushed back her sleeve as she spoke. Her thin, white arm frightened me. I touched it—it was burning hot. I was afraid to show her how her words and manner horrified me, or how anxious she made me. I smiled instead, and took up my knitting-work placidly, though my hand shook. I said, as calmly as I could:

"Well, you might think of me; you might stay and read to me. Paul sent me—I mean—I got a book yesterday—a new novel, yesterday," I said, and I could have bitten off my tongue for my stupidity; "and if you would only stay and read it to me, I should like it so much."

I shall never forget the look she cast on me. The door was open, and she stood in front of it; behind her was the dull, gray sky, deformed with threatening clouds; the coarse grass of the hillside, bent by the wind that swept down it, and with the voice of this, unutterably, thrillingly sad, mingled the noise of water falling down the

shoals of the narrow, rapid river. She seemed the incarnate spirit of the ominous hour. She gazed at me for a minute quite silent, and her low laugh chilled my heart.

"You think I am a fool; and you have reason to think so. I won one drop of heavenly dew, to make my bitter life sweet. I had wept so much that God granted me one ray of sunshine to brighten the long way. I was a fool. I thought they were mine, and I might keep them. I forgot I had a pretty-faced cousin, with a cat's heart and a smile like Judas. My cousin has tricked me once, but she will scarcely keep me here to see her warm herself in my sunshine. Paul is coming here. Don't say a word to me—I know it; and I know you would smile sweeter yet if I should drop dead where I stand! You wouldn't turn pale. You would smile, and say, 'Paul, she was a poor fool; but we hope she is happy in heaven!' And Paul would think what a saintly heart you had. And would kiss you." A low, wailing cry broke from her. "My God! I am so miserable!"

It was hardly spoken above her breath, but, oh! its anguish was so deep!

My heart bled—it bleeds now as I recall it. There was nothing for me to say, and before I could say anything, she had closed the door and walked away. I sat and cried like a child. My sacrifice would be in vain to make her happy, and though this rendered it harder, it did not make it the less imperative. I had been working quietly again for some time when Paul, whom truly I had not expected, came in. When I told him that Martha was walking, he seemed surprised and grieved, but I am ashamed to remember the selfish, secret joy it gave me to find how soon he forgot it in the pleasure of being with me. He staid long, and soon his words drifted after our thoughts. He told me again that he loved me, and again he urged me to be his wife. At first I was calmly constant to my resolve, but as he talked I looked up into his face, and I forgot myself. His eyes were so tender, so full of the promise of years of happiness, his honest face showed such deep, satisfying, manly love, oh, it was hard! To give all this up, and make my weary way alone! I thought my heart was breaking. I laid my head down in my hands, and sobbed:

"Paul! Paul! Don't look at me—don't speak to me so!" I plead, because I was afraid of my own weakness. He took my hands in his, and made me look into his eyes.

"I never would again," he said, "if I thought you did not love me. If you will tell me that you do not, I will leave you this moment; I will never breathe a word of what I feel, nor see you again. But as God is my witness, I will never leave you until you say, and look it with your honest eyes. 'Paul—I do not love you!'"

What could I do? He still held my hands, and knowing that he must feel how I was trembling from head to foot, I struggled hard to subdue my pitiable weakness.

"Do you love me?" he asked again, in the soft, eager voice of unutterable passion.

I was looking into his eyes, and thus looking, I could not utter an untruth.

"Yes, Paul; I love you."

The words were calm enough, but I was weeping all the same.

"Then, my darling, why will you not marry me?"

"Oh, Paul!" I moaned, forgetting everything in my own pain, "do you not see how it is? Do you not know that Martha loves you? It would be a sin for me to marry you. I cannot! I cannot! I cannot! But I am weak; help me with your strength: because I love you, do not urge me."

But he, too, for one moment let slip all thought, except of bliss present and perfect. He drew me nearer, my head sinking on his shoulder, and his lips burned upon my cheek.

At that moment I heard what Paul did not; the click of the latch; Martha had come through the side door, leading from the bedroom, and she now stood in the doorway between the two rooms, gazing at me with eyes like two points of fire. It was only for an instant; then she turned away, and softly closed the door. I shuddered, and Paul pressed me closer against his bosom.

"Let me go!" I whispered, frightened. "Let me go!"

He raised his head, and I pointed to the door; but when he looked he saw nothing.

At the same moment it unclosed, and Martha entered, deadly pale, but very calm. She came up to the fire, and bade Paul good-evening, leaning forward and warming her white transparent hands over the blaze.

"Were you not afraid to venture out in such weather, Miss Martha?" asked Paul, looking curiously into her worn, haggard face. "The rain has been too hard for you to dare, I should think."

"I do not fear the rain," Martha said, still holding her hands above the fire, rubbing them together with a soft regular motion, as if the heat was pleasant to her. "I like the storm," she added; "it is very dark out. Very dark."

Her words and her manner were composed enough, and yet there was something unnatural about both, which I could feel, though I cannot explain. Paul, too, perceived it, but he was less affected by it than I, and talked to her without any appearance of constraint or surprise. As for me, I said little; I did not know what Martha had heard or seen; I felt cold, and shivered, not with fear, but some vague presentiment, more unbearable. When Paul rose to go, it was Martha, and not I, who pressed him to remain. She would not hear of his leaving.

"No," she said, "it is dark and miserable out. Stay and take tea with us. You must stay, Paul;" she called him by his name for the first time, and she spoke it in a regretful, lingering, sweet voice, that thrilled my heart with vague self-accusations. "While I was out I walked to the village for some things we needed, and the tea I got is fresh and strong; you must take some before you go out into this bitter rain."

Paul glanced at me, surprised and pleased. I know some half-formed hope came over his mind that all would yet be well between us three, and that some shadowy home-like picture soothed him with promises of a future never to be realized. Paul staid to please Martha; and she sat down near him, while I made the few simple preparations for the meal, which we preferred should not be left to our one servant. Every now and then I glanced at Martha, where she sat with my pet kitten in her lap, stroking its soft fur, and talking to Paul; I felt in a dream, but in spite of all this quiet, Martha's pale face and haunting eyes made me nervous. Her calm seemed to me unnatural; nay, I knew it to be so. I knew what she had seen, and feared that she must have heard. I upbraided myself for my folly, but indeed I could not control a cold, creeping fear, whenever I looked at her.

Presently my labors were accomplished.

"A voice said, Arise and eat!" said I, with a gayety I tried to feel, pointing to the prettily arranged table.

Martha had risen, and was standing by the window; she pointed to the west.

"Philip said unto him, Come and see!" she answered, in the same spirit.

Paul and I joined her. It was a glorious sight; but no poor words can paint that marvelous pomp of color, that bloody light, breaking through banks of ragged black clouds, and between and beyond them, faint glimpses of a far and peaceful heaven. The storm had ceased for a while, and this was the death of day. Martha's weary eyes fixed themselves longingly upon the sky; she clasped her hands together, gazing far off, as though her eager look would break the bonds that held her back.

"Oh, heaven! how sweet—how sweet and fair, and how far!" she murmured.

"Yes," I said, as wistfully, "it is sweet, and so far."

She turned her sinister eyes quickly on me.

"Would you like to be there?" she asked.

I said, "Yes!" but at that moment I was content with earth and life, for Paul's breath moved my hair, his shoulder touched mine, where he stood behind me. As I spoke a sudden steely light crept into Martha's eyes, and went out like a flame blown by the wind, quenched in unbidden tears. She leaned her head down upon my breast and put her arms about my neck.

"Child! child!" she murmured, "accuse fate, not me. Providence is the hand that guides it. I am but the senseless instrument."

She looked, and spoke so strangely, that a thought which had troubled me before recurred to me. I would not indulge her in her wanderings further than I could help.

"Come! my tea will be cold," I cried, "and do me no credit. But that is always the way with people of elevated tastes—while they are poetizing, the supper spoils. Come, Martha! if you are not hungry with your wild walk out on the hills, it is your Christian duty to improvise an appetite, and pretend to be."

"Christian duty!" said Paul; "what is that?"

"To do unto others, as ye would that they should do unto you," I answered, "and this is a practical illustration of it," whereupon I began to play hospitable hostess with all my might.

When we went back to the cheerful fire again, we sat very silent for perhaps half an hour. Outside the wind moaned and lashed the bare branches of the trees, dying away far off, and the rain falling again, sounded like the march of a spectral host, hurrying on through the darkness. Martha rather withdrew herself from Paul and me, for her mood had changed again, inexplicably, as it often did. She sat in deep shade, the lamp on the table behind her, and the projecting jamb of the old-fashioned fireplace shielding her face from the firelight; but the pallor of her face seemed to scare the shadows from it. It almost gleamed upon me, it was so deadly white, and the eyes shone like jewels, lustrous and flinty. She moved uneasily once or twice, before she broke the silence. She spoke suddenly, her voice dry, hard, and even.

"Paul, I have something to say to you—and to my cousin. I have a confession to make, and forgiveness to implore. I have long made up my mind to atone for the trouble I have caused, as best I might, and there will be no time better than this."

She paused, and cleared her throat painfully.

"But Martha, dear"—I began, distressed for her.

"Stop! You can speak presently!"

She waved her hand imperiously; she seemed to loathe the sound of my voice.

"You will think me strangely lacking in womanly reserve, Paul, but there comes a time when pride must give way, or worse must come. Don't speak, either of you. Let me lay my head in the dust; let me drink my cup of humiliation; and let it be in decent silence. Paul—I loved you!"

I cannot describe her voice; if I could, I hardly would wish to bring to your mind anything so utterly hopeless, so calmly acceptant of woe.

"Paul—I loved you!" she repeated, and then she let her gleaming eyes rest for one moment on my face. "But from the hour that she returned I knew you were lost to me. I tried to give my happiness up calmly; to walk my appointed path, and make no effort to bate a step, or a thorn, of the weary road. I failed—she will tell you how utterly. She grew afraid of me. She thought I was mad. God knows how I wished she had been right. I was not—I am not now—when I tell you that the struggle is ended, and that I have conquered. Take her, and do not let a thought of me trouble your happiness. Do not seek to know my future. I shall leave you, and work it out, far from you. A long way, a long, long way from here!"

Her words, her tone, had so mingled with the sad night wind, that I hardly knew when she

ceased speaking. She was looking straight into the fire, her eyes intense than the flame that flickered before them.

I felt the idle tears sliding heavily down my cheek, and glanced toward Paul. He was watching Martha intently, unaffected by her words I thought, and incredulous of them. Martha stretched out her hand and touched mine, her own recoiling again involuntarily.

"Do you forgive me?" she said, in a voice that seemed to choke her.

"Oh, Martha?" I murmured, half-sobbing; "I have nothing to forgive; but do not think I shall be made happy at your expense. I will rather—"

"Stop!" she cried again, with the same gesture that had marked the word before. Then she added more softly, "Let us say no more about it. I have told you, and you have forgiven me. There remains but one thing more."

"That is about—your plans? You will tell me—to-morrow?"

"Yes; you will know to-morrow," she answered, looking into the fire again, with the strangest smile—triumphant, cold, and yet dreamy, as if she looked upon some satisfying reward, invisible to me. I noticed that Paul's deep eyes were fixed upon her, closely and yet furtively. He had said not a word in answer to her story, and made no remark to her still; but he staid late. He seemed strangely reluctant to leave us, and it was not until the hour made it imperative that he rose to go. Then Martha turned toward the table.

"I have brought out this," she said, pointing to some wine that I had not observed; "drink it with me—both of you—that I may be assured of your pardon."

I thought this an odd thing for Martha to do, but I would have pleased her in anything I could, and glanced assentingly at Paul. He nodded gravely, still watching my cousin. Martha turned toward us, two glasses in her hand, and the third filled upon the table.

Her cheeks had lost their ashy hue, even in the moment since I had last looked at her. Instead, they were burning red, her eyes glowing like living fire. She gave one glass to Paul.

"Drink it, Paul; and wish me peace!" And then to me, "There is no need to ask for joy for you—you will find it in every drop."

My hand was on the glass with hers. Paul's eyes never left her face, and just as I would have taken the glass, he spoke one word, in a voice indescribable;

"Martha!"

She shivered from head to foot.

"Drink it! Drink it quickly!" she cried, her eager eyes burning into mine.

I took it hastily to please her, and raised it to my lips.

"Not a drop!" Paul cried, in a voice that shook me, body and soul. He seized the glass before my lips were wet, placing in my hands his own. "This is mine, Martha; I will drink to your happiness in this!"

A wild shriek burst from her lips; she threw up her frantic hands, and tried to dash the cup from his; but he caught her weak fingers in his nervous clasp, and held them down. He raised the wine to his lips, and showed her the empty glass!

Every color of life left her face. She shivered; she shrank. She seemed to lose warmth and passion. She covered before him, and sank gradually down upon the floor, her teeth chattering as if with cold, her body limp and nerveless, her face like the face of one dying.

"Paul! Paul! I loved you so!" she murmured. "I loved you so, and I have killed you! Just God! I loved him so, and I have killed him! My Paul! My one love!"

"Miserable woman! I did not taste the wine!" he cried. "Thank God that He grants you time for repentance, and a million times, that He did not suffer the deed!"

"You did not drink it?" she said, a dull, uncertain light creeping into her eyes. "But—she did not!"

He turned from her in horror.

"For God's sake, my darling, leave this place. Leave it instantly," he said, coming to me, where I stood dumb with terror and amazement. I cannot trust you from my sight!"

He held me to his breast, trembling through his strong frame; he covered my face with passionate kisses; he wore himself with murmuring broken words of love, calling me a thousand times all the dear, half-uttered names of tenderest, protecting passion. It seemed that he forgot all other existence in the joy of saying mine. Presently I whispered against his cheek:

"But, Paul—think of Martha!"

The name woke him from his delirium of thankful joy, and I felt the movement of loathing with which he heard it, but he turned away from me. Martha had vanished.

She was there no longer; and the wide open door through which the bleak wind rushed in from the rain-beaten moorland told us that she had dared the darkness and the storm rather than Paul's accusing eyes.

His search was unavailing; his calls received no answer; and faint to conclude that she had taken refuge beneath some friendly shelter, Paul waited until daylight to renew his quest.

For days it was in vain; and I would I had never known the truth.

In one of the wildest of the rocky recesses through which the fretted river foamed wrathfully against its prison bounds some torn shreds of her garments were found, and afterward—the rest! and the ghastly story was complete.

It was many months after this that I became Paul Spofford's wife. I seemed for ever to hear poor Martha's wailing cry, "Paul! Paul! I loved him so, and I have killed him!" And her pale wraith rose wraithfully before me, and bade me turn from happiness whose price had been so fearful. Night and day her white face haunted me, as she fled through night and storm, to seek beneath the troubled waters, the case her poor passionate heart could never hope for here.

She is at rest now. She asked me to forgive her. I thank God I said "yes!" though it may have been I, and not she, who had most need of forgiveness.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Among the French Canadians.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of the Indian Territories, the only region of this upper portion of North America where the traveler may alight upon things done up in the real old-fashioned, primitive style, is that part of the New Dominion formerly known as Lower Canada. In the cities, of course, one does not see so much of this, because the lightness and volatility of Franco-Canadian becomes more than half Anglo-Saxon.

ized by contact with the true Briton. And this, even to the extent of discarding the habits inherited by him from his forefathers (coat with hood, worsted cash, woolen nightcap, raw hide boots, and such like habits), and adopting the stove-pipe hat and swallow-tailed coat of civilization. Do, then, to his native village, on some remote headland of the mighty St. Lawrence, if you would study the French Canadian as he was a couple of centuries ago, and as he is to-day, where happily left to himself. In these places his attire is of a very ancient and unfashionable cut.

A long coat of heavy gray cloth, with a hood hanging down behind, is bound round his waist with a sash of gaudy colors. The sash has frequently descended to him through four or five generations, and has retained much of the dirt of each; but this imparts a mellowness to it, and renders it all the more interesting to the artist. He is as hairy as Esau, and very handy with his wood-saw. The female Cannuck generally has eyes like little black beads, pale complexion, and wears her hair plaited in two long queues behind. She favors the fashion of a home-made straw-hat, with a brim about a yard across; has on, when she leaves home, immense wooden clogs, like small canoes; and, apparently—mind, now, I say apparently—wears but one garment, and that a close-fitting one of coarse blue stuff.

The vehicle in which the Cannuck rides out in summer-time is called a *caleche*. It is hung very high up on wooden springs—so high, indeed, that it requires much agility to climb into it. There is less trouble about getting out, though, because the passenger is sure to be thrown out. Thus it is that simplicity is ever triumphant. The *caleche* jolts much more than

any other kind of carriage with which I am acquainted. This may be in part owing to the fact that the wheels are oval. If you ask me why the Canadian thus prefers the elliptic form for his wheels, I can only answer that I suppose he does so because his father did, and his grandfather, and so back into the dark ages of the past.

In winter, when the ground is covered with snow—for it snows in Canada—the Cannuck travels in a kind of sledge, called a *traineau*. This vehicle is so ingeniously constructed as to push the deep snow on before it, so that the road soon becomes heaped up in ridges, with deep hollows between. While traversing these roads in a swift *traineau*, a stranger to the country usually experiences a kind of nausea akin to sea-sickness. The

best ponies of the country do not dip into these hollows, however, but trot over the ridges in a straight line, just as they would do on a level road. Naturally you will request to be informed how the *traineau* manages to follow the horse over these peaked ridges? To that query I am not furnished with a reply. The matter, I would remark, however, is the driver's business, and I mostly make my living by attending to mine.

Speaking of the Canadian horses, it may be as well here to note the fact that most of them become prematurely bald as to their tails. This arises from the custom still followed by the Cannucks of yoking them by their tails to the plow. Economy in harness is obtained by this simple method. There is one objection to it, though. Sometimes the tail breaks, and then the impulsion is so violent that the unfortunate animal

itches forward with great force, and either breaks his neck or becomes imbedded in the soft soil. Out of evil, however, there sometimes comes good. The last time I sojourned among the French Canadians, I was acquainted with one who struck a valuable vein of gold, at a depth of fifteen feet below the surface, as he was digging for his pony, which had gone under, owing to its tail breaking short off at the plow.

I never yet knew a French Canadian of the rural kind who did not own a large, brindled dog, and that dog's name invariably "César." If you stand in the middle of a village, there, and call, "César! César!" you will find yourself at once the centre of attraction of fifty or sixty wolfish-looking curs, who will eat you if you do not possess the Canadian-French language, and compliment them in it.

Sometimes the Cannuck yokes César to a small car, or sledge, in which he traverses the country at a wonderful pace. Here there is an advantage in crossing frozen rivers or lakes; because, if the ice should break, no great matter whether the sledge sink or not, for César always has his bark ready. You remember the old song of the "Light Bark," etc., etc.? Very well; if you do, no further explanation of the matter is needed.

To borrow a phrase from poor Artemus Ward, a truly "sweet boon" to the gay Cannuck is the service and attractive creature called the moose. I call it "spruce," partly because that word rhymes with its name, and thus sheds a certain effulgence of poetry over my poor prose, and partly because the animal in question feeds chiefly on the tree in question, that is, the moose devours the buds of the spruce. And, if it had no other value, quite useful is this comely quadruped as an illustration of one of those anomalies of our language, by which

foreigners are so much puzzled. Says a famous foreign female philologist to me one day, for instance, as we skinned over one of those exciting Canadian snow-roads, in a *traineau*, "How is it now with you and your goose, and you and your moose? When you shall be plural for goose you call him geese; and yet, again, when you shall be plural for moose, you do not call him moose, but keep him always moose—which is very singular for your plural," added the bewildering word-snatcher, with a ringing laugh for her pun. The creature of which we are speaking, how-

ever (the moose, and not the female philologist), is quite as singular as our plural for him. He has something of the deer about him, a good deal of the ox, a suggestion of the giraffe, and a tremendously long head, with big, flat horns or antlers. The tail of the moose is used in most Canadian houses as a whisk, a purpose for which it is admirably adapted by nature, as the annexed will show. As the Laplanders domesticate their reindeer, so with the French Canadians and their snowdeer, as the moose may very properly be termed. The meat of the moose is of a very tender and succulent kind—of a fibre, in fact, that reminds one, at the same time, of roast beef and mock turtle. The skin of the moose furnishes leather for the moccasins of the Cannuck. The cow moose furnishes him with milk quite equal to that drawn from the cow cocoon-nut. It is quite charming to view the Canadian milk-maid tripping away to the woods of a morning, each of them furnished with a milk-pail and a ladder, the latter being used for the purpose of scaling the cow moose, which is frequently ten feet high.

When the snow is so deep that sometimes the tops of the highest trees are covered by the drifts, then the Cannuck becomes very lively, for snow is as much his proper element as mud is that of an eel. Sometimes he goes hunting, then, traversing the country with snow-shoes, accoutred with which he runs down hares and other wild creatures. When a Cannuck has killed, in a

season, as many as one hundred of these hares, which turn quite white in winter, he immediately becomes a person of great political influence in his parish. Sometimes he is elected mayor, sometimes a member of parliament. Alas! alas! how different it is in this irreverent country of Young America, where no man is respected in proportion to the number of his white hairs, but rather the reverse.

In summer, when the lakes and rivers have got clear from their icy shackles, which generally happens some time in the month of July, the Cannuck hoists out his wooden canoe, which he sometimes uses as a hammock during the winter season. He is very much at home in a canoe, when voyaging in which he looks like a man who had gone adrift in one of his wife's great wooden shoes. He is very skillful as a navigator; and, although he has neither a binnacle in his canoe, nor a compass, nor a caboose, nor any other philosophical apparatus by which to steer, he traverses the rivers and ponds of his vicinity with great fearlessness and precision. While paddling along in his canoe, the Cannuck always lightens his toil by singing one of his native songs. These are of the simplest character, hearing some

analogy to the negro melodies of the sunny South. Here is a feeble attempt to translate the first verse of one, which I used frequently to hear chanted by these primitive and unsophisticated voyagers:

"Behind the shanty of my aunty,
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The Cannuck is a very industrious fisherman. In summer he stands out on the edge of a rough wharf, built for the purpose, and with a scoop-net hoists out

the silvery shad on its way up the rapids. In winter he cuts a hole in the ice, and stands there for hours at a

time, with the thermometer at seventy-five degrees below zero, angling for "tommy-cods," which are ugly little fishes with large heads, and having a strong flavor, when cooked, of soap-and-water. A "washy" flavor, in fact.

Then he has his national games, has the mercurial Cannuck, and it is called *La Croise*—probably because it originated with the half-breeds, who are a cross between the Indian and the French Canadian. The game is a sort of wild croquet; only, instead of a mallet, the player uses a long stick, with a crook at one end of it,

the space between the crook and the stick being netted over with deer-skin, somewhat after the fashion of a racket. Armed with these instruments, two sets of players strive to persuade the ball into taking two diametrically opposite directions—which the ball does, of course.

Among the native productions, of which the French Canadians are justly proud, may be reckoned the Falls of Montmorency, the Citadel of Quebec, the Plains of Abraham, porpoise leather, and cod-liver oil. Specimens of these, with the exception of the first three mentioned, were sent by them to the Paris Universal Exhibition. The beaver is an animal of nearly as much

sanctity with the Cannucks as is the sacred bull with the Hindoos. It is the crest, or emblem, of Canada. Cannucks, who are swells in their way, sometimes wear jackets made of beaver-skin, with the tail of the animal attached, which gives them a very jaunty appearance as they trot along the road to church or to visit their sweethearts.

Like the French, from whom he is sprung, the Cannuck is very fond of dancing, and he performs on the "light fantastic toe" with great gusto and vigor. He generally plays the fiddle for himself and his partner to dance to, and frequently accompanies the shrieking catgut by singing at the top of his voice. At Sunday balls on the village green, the Cannuckesses often evince a tendency toward civilization by letting down their back-hair, and wearing little hats perched over their eyebrows, and patent-leather

shoes on their twinkling feet.

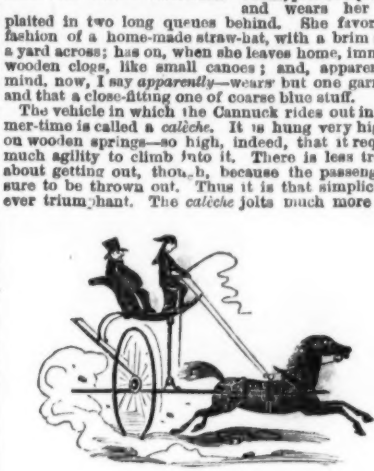
The women of the East have long been celebrated by travelers for the ease and grace with which they carry water-pitchers on their heads. None can excel the Canadian ladies in this, however. With inimitable dexterity, the Canadian girl will place a water-jar, nearly as big as herself, on her head, and walk miles with it to and from the spring, swaying her graceful figure to and fro as she walks; and it is a curious fact that, when you see one of these sylph-like maidens at some distance thus burdened, you are at a loss to know for certain whether you behold a woman carrying a pitcher or a pitcher carrying a woman, so much do the two articles resemble each other in general form.

Near the larger towns the Cannuck gets to be terribly demoralized. He loses all the picturesqueness of his character. Sometimes he comes to the city dressed up with a hat and coat ever so much too large for him, his wife utterly disguised in a huge old-fashioned bonnet; and then, alas! what a humiliating figure is cut by these poor people, who so simply adorn themselves when at home in their native hamlet.

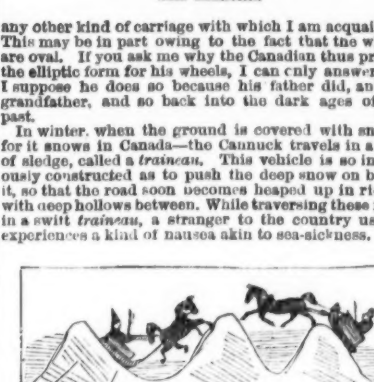
COME UP TO TOWN.



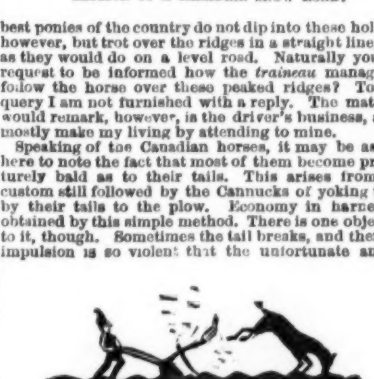
MALE AND FEMALE CANNUCKS.



THE CALECHE.



SECTION OF A CANADIAN SNOW ROAD.



THE TAIL BREAKS, ETC.



"CÉSAR, AND HIS FORTUNES."

Sometimes the Cannuck yokes César to a small car, or sledge, in which he traverses the country at a wonderful pace. Here there is an advantage in crossing frozen rivers or lakes; because, if the ice should break, no great matter whether the sledge sink or not, for César always has his bark ready. You remember the old song of the "Light Bark," etc., etc.? Very well; if you do, no further explanation of the matter is needed.



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CANADIAN MOOSE-MILKER.

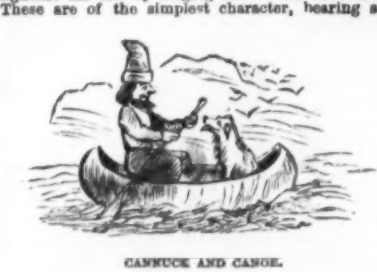
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LA CROISE PLAYER.

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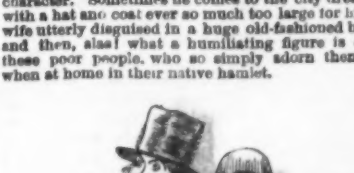
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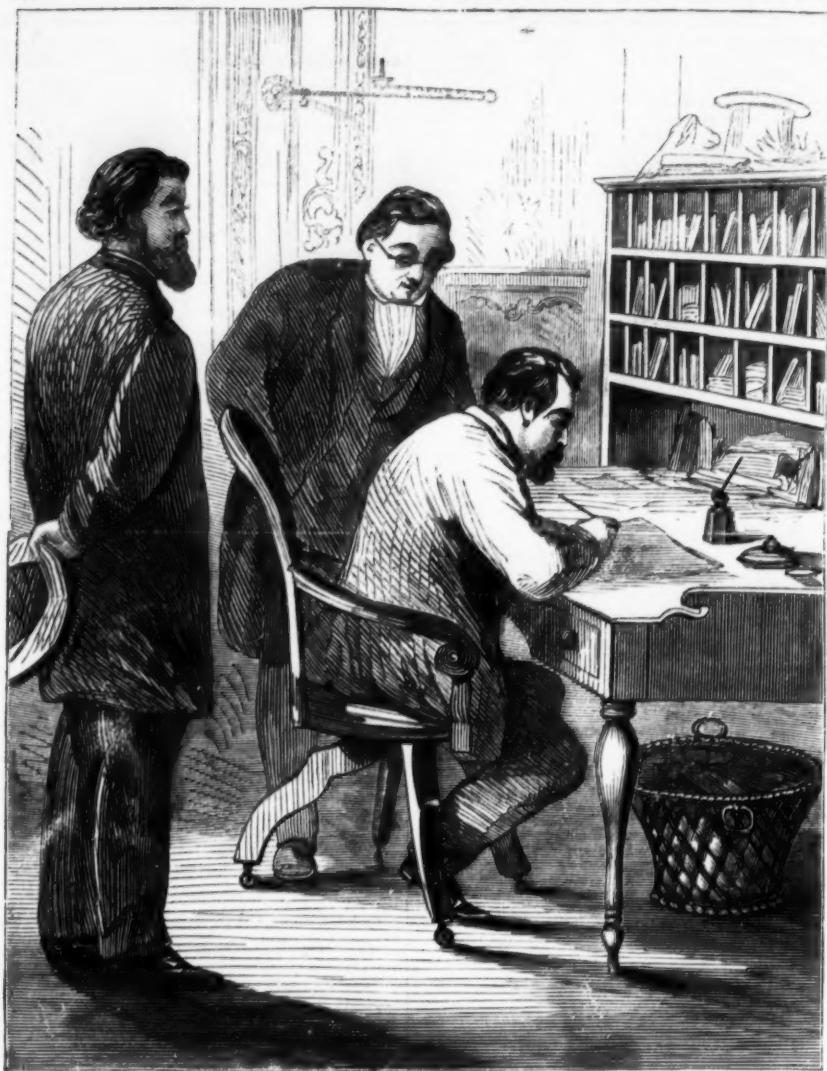
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COME UP TO TOWN.





OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—PREPARING THE SUMMONS FOR PRESIDENT JOHNSON TO APPEAR BEFORE THE COURT OF IMPEACHMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

Office of the Secretary of the Senate, Capitol, Washington, D. C.—Preparing the Summons for Andrew Johnson to Appear Before the Court of Impeachment.

The writ summoning Andrew Johnson to appear before the High Court of Impeachment was drawn up on the 7th March inst., in the office of John W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate. Our engraving represents the clerk, Mr. Simpson, writing out the summons at the dictation of Senator Howard. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, George T. Brown, stands near by, waiting to serve the writ upon the President. The service was effected very quietly on the evening of the same day.

Thaddeus Stevens being Conveyed to the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., by his Assistants, Joseph Reese and John Chauncey.

The iron will of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens has sustained him thus far in the discharge of the onerous duties of his Congressional position, but it is a terrible ordeal for the infirm and broken-down old man to endure. From the unpretentious house where he resides, he rides in a one-horse vehicle to the Capitol, the carriage stopping under the covered way beneath the steps of the south wing of the building. A chair is then brought out by two employes in his service, Joseph Reese and John Chauncey, upon which the invalid



MR. THADDEUS STEVENS BEING CONVEYED TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES BY HIS ASSISTANTS, JOSEPH REESE AND JOHN CHAUNCEY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

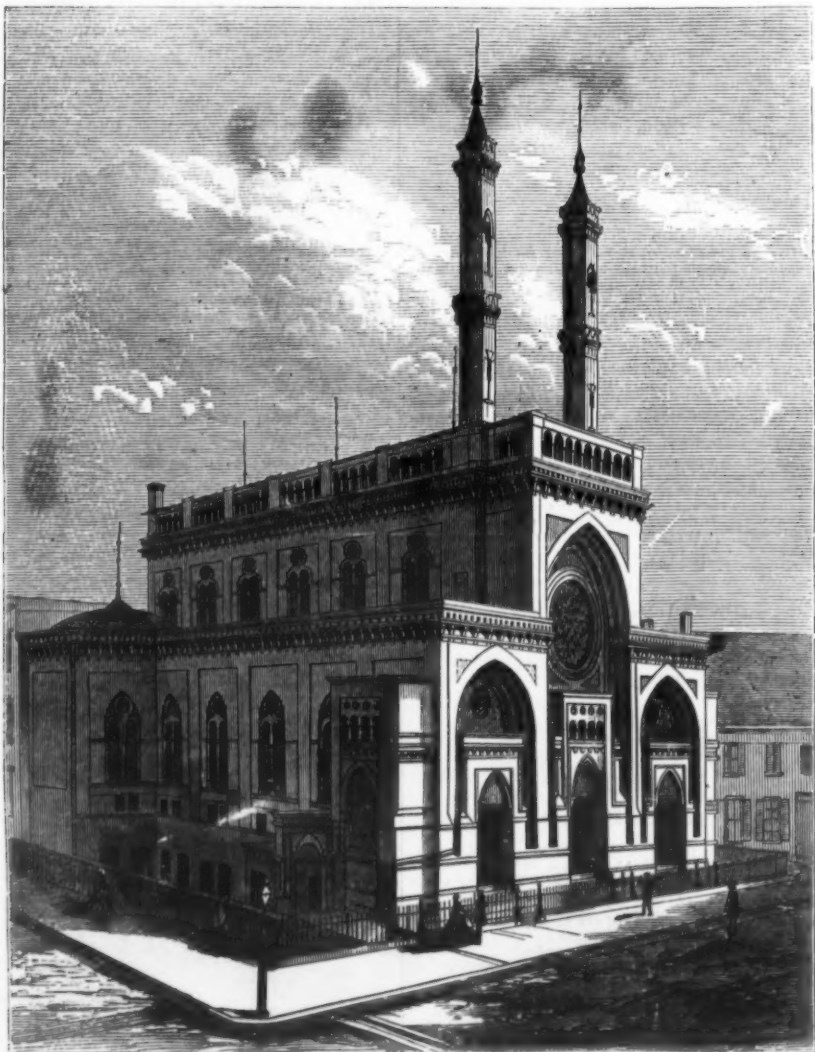
seats himself and is borne, by the two assistants named, to the room of the Committee on Appropriations. This room is the same where the articles of impeachment were drawn up, and is generally referred to as "Thad. Stevens's Room." Upon reaching it he is lifted to a favorite sofa, his papers are handed to him and he occupies himself with them until twelve o'clock, when he is assisted across the hallway into the Hall of Representatives.

The New Jewish Temple in Cincinnati, Ohio.

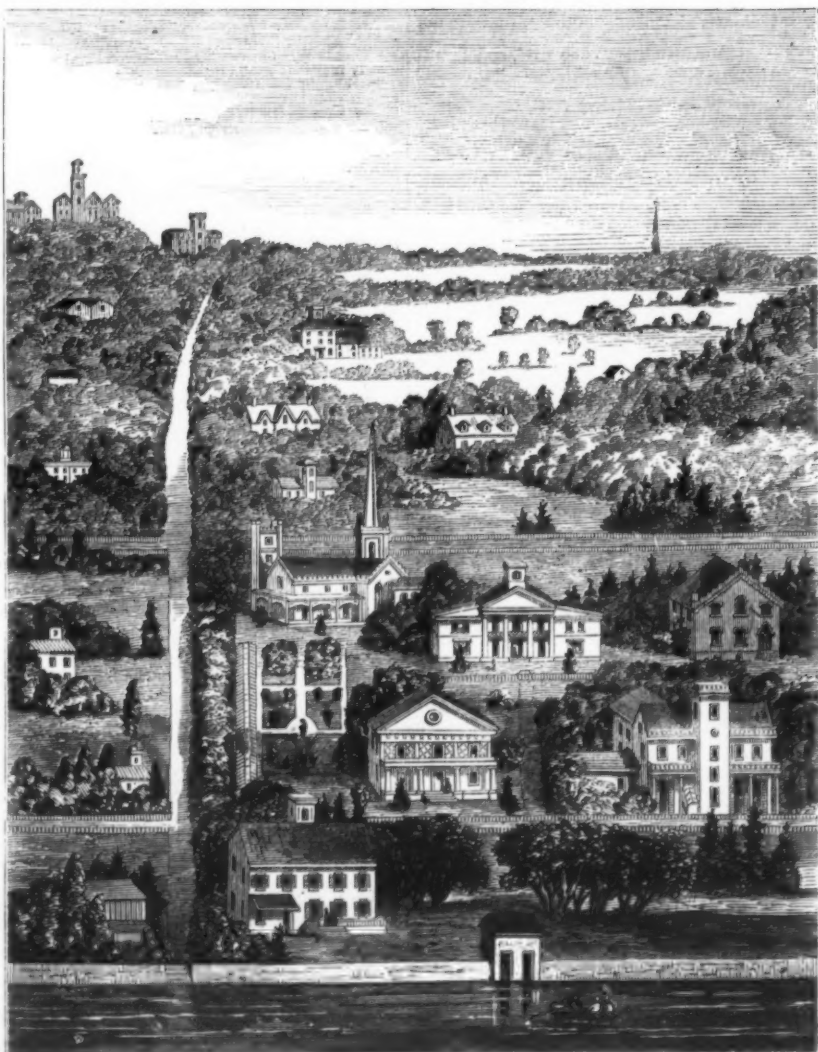
The largest and most magnificent Jewish temple in the United States is *The Kaai a Kadesh Bnei Jeshurun*, on the corner of Plum and Eighth streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. It was commenced in May, 1863, and

was constructed under the supervision of the architect, James K. Wilson, at a cost of \$275,000. On the 25th of August, 1866, it was formally dedicated with imposing ceremonies. This beautiful structure is an ornament to the city of Cincinnati, and an edifice of which the Jewish population may well be proud. It is provided with a splendid organ, from the establishment of Koehnken & Co., Cincinnati. The Rev. Dr. P. M. Wise is the Rabbi. As will be seen in our engraving, the building is of the Mosiac style, and exhibits the graceful features of Oriental architecture. It is 142 feet front by 130 feet in depth, and will accommodate two thousand persons.

The right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.



THE NEW JEWISH SYNAGOGUE IN CINCINNATI, OHIO

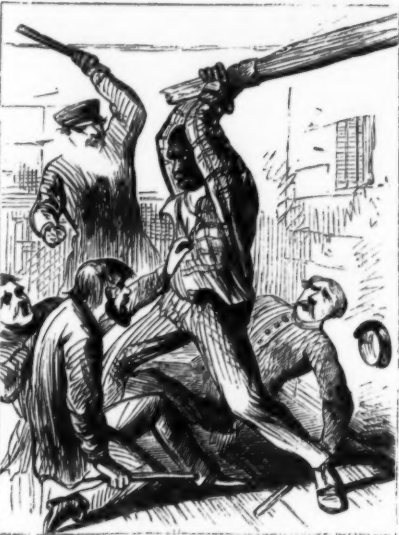


ELLIOTTSVILLE, STATEN ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 30.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



SNAKES IN THE CRADLE.



DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH AN INSANE NEGRO.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.
Snakes in the Cradle.

Shortly after one of the heavy falls of snow last month, a lad at Bucyrus, (O.), while clearing away the snow from a potato mound, found a kind of nest in the straw, in which was a compact ball, which he supposed was a large ball of string, such as woolmen use. He brought this in with the potatoes and laid it on the baby's cradle near the stove. He then left the house on an errand to a neighbor, and returning in about an



AN IDIOT PACKED IN A BOX.



A PEPPERED OFFICIAL.



STRANGE ACCIDENT IN NEW YORK CITY.

hour, he found that he ball had become metamorphosed into a pile of squirming snakes, which were enjoying the warmth of the infant's body, one having actually crept into the child's mouth. The attention of the mother having been attracted by the boy's cry of alarm, she seized the child and sought to extricate the reptile, but it was too late, it had already glided down the infant's throat. Dr. Ingraham was sent for, but declined worrying the child with medicine, the snake being of a species that is perfectly harmless. The mother declares, however, that its appetite is much increased, and that it frequently hisses in its sleep. This, however, is probably imagination, as that species of snake does not hiss.

An Idiot Boy Packed in a Box and Sent Off by Rail.

Several weeks ago a half idiotic boy about seventeen years of age left Cincinnati where he had been residing, and started for Indianapolis in search of employment. Being unsuccessful in obtaining work, and having exhausted his little stock of money, he determined to return home by foot, and proceeded on his journey as far as Acton, Indiana, without accident or molestation. At this place he fell in the company of six gentlemanly fellows, who expressed great sympathy with him in his misfortunes, and promised to assist him on his tedious and painful pilgrimage. The precious rascals, after gaining the confidence of the simple-minded boy, con-



ARREST OF MASQUERADERS, NEW YORK CITY.

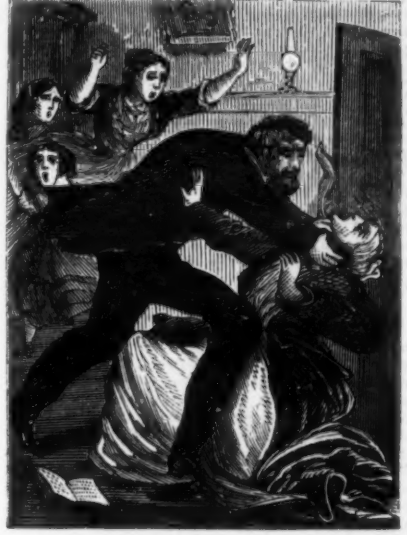
Desperate Encounter with an Insane Negro.

On the 23d of February last, an insane negro, at the Calatooche, in Mobile, Ala., assailed the officers when his cell was opened in the morning, and with a heavy piece of plank, which he had torn from the floor, felled four of them, and broke the hand of a fifth. Rushing past the police, he managed to reach the street, and kept up a fierce running fight with his pursuers, hurling bricks and oyster-shells at them with great rapidity and force, until two negro policemen fired at him with their revolvers, and wounded him so severely that he was incapable of further violence.

ducted him into an empty warehouse, stripped all the clothing from his person, and then roared him to a washing with some preparation that left him as black as a crow from head to foot. A packing-box was then procured and the unfortunate boy placed within and secured in his contracted apartment by a stout cover and iron bands. The box, with its human freight, was then directed to "B. C. Lord, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio," and conveyed to an Express Office, and instructions were given to handle the case with care, as it contained "live stock." The box was placed in the baggage-car, and in about an hour after starting a strange noise was heard proceeding from the case of "live stock," and procuring a hatchet, the messenger, after considerable



BURGLARY AT THE WESTERN FEMALE SEMINARY, OXFORD, OHIO.



A MAN MURDERS HIS MOTHER IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.



A FACETIOUS JOKER HALF-KILLED AND ARRESTED FOR THEFT.

difficulty, succeeded in opening it. To his utter astonishment he found in it a human being, greatly exhausted and gasping frantically for breath. The lad subsequently recovered and narrated the circumstances to the gentleman to whom the box was directed, who is the President of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, and efforts were at once made to capture the interesting young men who were the authors of the outrage, and bring them to justice.



HORRIBLE SUICIDE IN WISCONSIN.



A DOUBLE MURDER.

A Prisoner Blinds an Officer with Cayenne Pepper.

A few days ago Deputy Sheriff Smith started from the chambers of the Supreme Court to conduct two prisoners to the Tombs City Prison, and when at the corner of Leonard and Hudson streets, one of them, who proved to be a notorious jail-bird, and had just been sentenced by Judge Barnard to five years' imprisonment in the State Prison for larceny, suddenly threw a quantity of cayenne pepper in his eyes, and then called upon his companion to run. The officer was too much blinded to attempt a rescue of his charge, but Roundsman Dubois of the Fifth Precinct, who was in vicinity, started in pursuit, and prevented them from making their escape, and also escorted them to the station-house. The peppered deputy was placed under medical treatment. The only reason given for the outrage was, that if Mr. Smith had not been so eager to take him off, the prisoner would have had at least three years of his sentence remitted.

A Strange Accident in New York City.

The recent heavy falls of snow have rendered some of the streets of New York city almost impassable for vehicles. In North William street the carriage-way resembles a rampart of snow and dirt several feet above the sidewalks, on the top of which, with great difficulty, the carts and wagons that frequent that thoroughfare move along. At about noon, on the 3d inst., a singular accident occurred in that locality. A coal-cart was standing on one side of the mound of snow, and down the street came lumbering one of the heavy beer wagons of Schaffer's brewery, laden with kegs of lager beer. On the top of the pile was seated the driver. In attempting to avoid the coal-cart, he brought one of the wheels of his wagon over the edge of the snow-bank, and over the huge vehicle rolled, falling, wheels uppermost, on the sidewalk. The driver was with much difficulty extricated from the wreck and the pyramid of beer barrels that had rolled upon him. Though stunned and bruised, he was, strangely enough, not dangerously injured.

Arrest of Masqueraders.

The annual commencement of the Jewish feast of Purim took place on the 8th inst., and was celebrated by many of our Hebrew citizens by calling upon their friends in fancy costumes and with masked faces. As the feast began on Sunday, an order was issued from the Police Headquarters, directing officers to arrest all persons appearing in the street in fantastic dresses, as such a display would tend to create a disturbance of the peace and violate the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath. Accordingly, the patrolmen made a descent upon every carriage containing persons attired in any other dress than plain, and paraded the occupants to the station-houses, where some of the most ludicrous figures were cut by the unexpecting victims. When it was discovered that the order was being executed in too general a manner, instructions were sent out that only those persons who were found walking the streets in costumes and with masks should be arrested. During the evening parties appeared at the Headquarters, and protested against the treatment their friends had received while observing an annual custom of their faith, never before interfered with by the police, and never having been productive of any disturbance whatever. All persons who had been arrested in carriages, under the first order, were discharged upon receipt of the second; but this did little service toward allaying the indignation felt against the police-men.

Burglary at a Female Seminary in Ohio.

Several months ago the teachers of the Western Female Seminary at Oxford, Ohio, were convinced that some party or parties had secretly entered the building at night, visited different private rooms, ransacked closets and writing-desks, and then withdrew without having abstracted anything of value. On Saturday night, February 29th, two of the teachers determined to remain in the building and see if possible who the intruder was, and how the confusion was managed. After nerving themselves with strong tea, they took comfortable positions in the library to await the appearance of the unknown visitor. At about twelve o'clock steps were heard as if some person was cautiously coming up the stairs from the basement. Becoming somewhat alarmed at the evidence of an unlawful intrusion, the teachers went slowly to the room of the Principal, where a council of war was held, and a scheme of defense determined on. A messenger was dispatched through the neighborhood for assistance, and two gentlemen promptly responded and repaired to the Seminary with dark lanterns and loaded revolvers. The parties were distributed in such a manner that the intruder was completely surrounded in the main hall. One of the men fired at the fellow, who immediately leaped over the banisters and bounded down the stairs, paying no attention to the demands for his surrender. A lively race took place about the house; through rooms, down stairs, along hallways, and behind tables the burglar dodged, closely pursued by the two gentlemen and the lady teachers. Shots were freely discharged at him, but failed to bring him to bay. The fellow succeeded in gaining the open air, and the search was continued until the body, which proved to be that of a stalwart negro, was found lying dead in the road near by, from seven wounds having been inflicted by the revolvers.

A Man Murders his Mother in the Presence of his Wife and Children.

On the 19th of February last, a fearful tragedy occurred at Jasper, in Iowa. Robert Sprague, a resident of that place, who had always been known as a good and harmless man, was reading his Bible in company with his wife, his children, and his mother, a venerable lady of seventy years of age. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and declared that he would kill his mother. She ran to the door, but stumbled at the threshold and fell. Sprague, with the fierce energy of a maniac, leaped upon her and choked her to death. He then turned to his wife and with a transient recognition of his insanity, cried out: "Send for Baumer (a neighbor) to the law." He told his wife and children to get away as soon as possible. They roused the neighbors and the unfortunate lunatic was secured.

A Jolly Joker Half Killed and Arrested for Theft.

A few days ago a party of jovial, fun-loving young men, residing at Metamora, Illinois, determined to play a capital trick upon the proprietor of the American House at that place, by displacing the bell which hung over a porch in front of the hotel. They assembled at midnight to carry out their proposed spree, and a young man named Somers was detailed to climb to the roof and unfasten the bell. Being a nimble fellow, his part was soon performed, and as he shouldered the bell, weighing over sixty pounds, and commenced his return, a wire attached to the clapper and passing to the front door of the house, prevented his easy escape, and jerked him forcibly back. The bell flew from his embrace upon the roof of the porch, and passed through

to the floor beneath, while Somers rolled over and over down the roof, and fell heavily upon his back on the ground. The confusion that ensued alarmed the neighborhood, and in a short time a large crowd had collected, but none of the offenders could be found, except the unfortunate wight who was found in an insensible condition. He was taken in charge and bailed to appear for trial.

Horrible Suicide in Wisconsin.

About two weeks ago, the quiet little town of Hudson, Wisconsin, was the scene of an appalling tragedy, which has created an unusual excitement throughout that entire portion of the State. The victim was an industrious farmer, named Frank Doe, who was held in high esteem by a large circle of acquaintances. A few weeks previous to his decease the unfortunate man had exhibited symptoms of insanity, and had become so completely beyond the influence of his reason that his family were afraid to be alone in his company. From the appearance of the corpse when found, it is supposed that the horrible deed was committed during the night, and that the first attempt at self-destruction was made with a drawing-knife, by which his head and face were lacerated in the most frightful manner. His nose and one hand were completely severed from his body, and the wounded arm hacked terribly in several places. His throat was cut from ear to ear, and about twenty ugly gashes were found upon his body. The struggle for life must have been desperate; neither the large vein nor the windpipe were severed by the knife. Failing in these efforts to accomplish his frenzied purpose, he seized his gun, which happened to be heavily loaded, and placing its muzzle against his breast, discharged it, the contents cutting a large and ragged hole through his body. The remains were not discovered until the following day, when they presented the most sickening appearance. The body was decently interred a short time after by his neighbors.

A Double Murder.

On Saturday afternoon, the 7th inst., a man named George Stotter went to the house of an aged gentleman near Anderson, Ind., and desired the loan of a valuable horse belonging to the latter, for the purpose of attending a funeral. The old man refused to accede to his request, whereupon Stotter swore vengeance against the family, and then withdrew from the premises in a very excited state of mind. A short time after supper he returned, and having gained access to the house, began abusing the family without any provocation, and when ordered to leave, emphatically refused. Two young men, sons of the proprietor, undertook to eject Stotter from the house, when a scuffle took place, in which Stotter drew a pocket-knife and stabbed one of the sons several times, causing instant death. The murderer then seized the brother, and throwing him upon a bed, plied his blows with the knife, until the body near the heart was terribly mangled and life extinct. He then made a rush for the aged father with the knife raised above his head, but the old man struck him with a piece of wood, and paralyzed his arm. Stotter then fled to the woods, but was arrested on the following day and committed to jail for trial.

Elliottsville, Staten Island, New York.

This charming little village, if so it may be called, being a collection of delightful residences, is the property of Dr. S. M. Elliott, the celebrated oculist of New York city. The situation is one of the most picturesque and pleasant in Staten Island, renowned for its beautiful villas. The houses, substantially and elegantly built upon the hillside, and overlooking the magnificent bay, are in every way designed not only to be attractive to the eye, but comfortable and healthful as summer residences.

CRIMSON CRIME:

A Tale of Love in the Capital of the World.

CHAPTER I.—THE CRIME AND THE CRIMSON.

On Thursday, March 6, 1887, two days after Shrove Tuesday, five women from the little village of La Joutchere presented themselves at the police office at Bougival. They stated that one of their neighbors, the Widow Lerouge, who inhabited, by herself, an isolated cottage just beyond the village, had been missing for two days. They had knocked several times at the door, but without eliciting any response. The window shutters being securely fastened, as was the door, it was impossible to get a view of the interior of the cottage.

The Commissioner refused at first to comply. However, they pleaded so earnestly that the magistrate was forced to yield; he sent for the Brigadier of Gendarmes and two of his men, and a locksmith, and thus accompanied, followed the Widow Lerouge's neighbors.

The little troop, with the gendarmes at their head, stopped at the cottage.

"This is the place," said the women.

"Let no one enter the garden," said the Police Commissioner; and he entered himself, followed by the Brigadier of Gendarmes and the locksmith. He knocked several times with the heavily loaded cane, first at the door and then at the windows.

Hearing nothing, he turned to the locksmith and ordered him to pick the lock. The latter opened his bag and prepared his tools; but he had scarcely introduced one of his picklocks into the keyhole, when there was a stir among the group of lookers-on.

"The key!" some one shouted, "the key!"

A little urchin of some dozen summers, playing about with his comrades, had found a large key in the ditch by the roadside. He picked it up, and brought it forward in triumph.

The key was tried and found to fit the lock; it was evidently the key of the front door.

The Commissioner and the locksmith exchanged glances full of gloomy forebodings.

Those who had anticipated that a crime had been committed were not mistaken. Inside the cottage it seemed as though a maddened hand had taken pleasure in turning everything topsy-turvy.

Near the chimney, with her face in the ashes, lay the dead body of the Widow Lerouge. The whole of one side of the face, and much of the hair had been burnt to a cinder, and it seemed wonderful that the fire had not been communicated to her clothes.

"Where was she struck?" inquired the Commissioner; "I don't see any blood."

"Here, between the shoulders, Commissioner," returned a gendarme. "Two neat blows, I faith! I will bet my epaulettes she didn't have time to say, 'Ouf!' Ah!" he continued, as he bent over the body and touched it, "she is quite cold. I should say, from the coldness and stiffness of the body, that she must have been dead for at least thirty-six hours."

Who was this Widow Lerouge? whence did she come? what did she do? what were her means of support? and how did she live? What were her habits, her manners, her resorts? Was she known to have enemies? Was she miserly, and was she supposed to have money? These were the points to which the Commissioner directed his inquiries. But the witnesses, though numerous, could give little information. No-

body knew anything of the victim, who was a stranger in the place.

Finally, after three hours of tedious questioning and cross-questioning, after listening to all the rumors current in the neighborhood, after gathering and sifting all the idle and other ridiculous gossip of the villagers, the Commissioner arrived at the following facts:

Two years before, that is to say, in the month of March, 1885, the woman Lerouge had arrived at Bougival with a large furniture wagon filled with furniture, linen and baggage.

She was a woman of some fifty-four or fifty-five years of age, well preserved, robust and in excellent health.

She did not like to speak of her husband, who, as she stated, had perished in a shipwreck.

On one occasion she had said: "Everything is new; everything is fine; my deceased husband loved me only one year."

The Widow Lerouge passed for being rich, or at least in easy circumstances.

She never went out in the evening, because she invariably got drunk at dinner and went to bed immediately afterward. It was a very rare thing to see strangers at her house; a lady and a young man had visited her four or five times; and once two gentlemen had called, as she did not wear a decoration, and a young man who seemed to be his son.

At the time he was asking questions, the Commissioner was making written abstracts of the testimony, and he had completed them by the time the police justice arrived. He brought with him the chief of the detective force, and one of his assistants.

The chief of the detective force was no other than the celebrated Gevrol.

Gevrol's assistant was an old offender who had made peace with the law, named Lecoq.

The Police Commissioner, who was beginning to weary of his responsibility, welcomed the Police Judge and the two agents as deliverers. He briefly narrated the facts and read his report.

"You have proceeded very well, sir, so far," said the Judge; "everything here is exact; but you have forgotten one thing."

"What is that, sir?"

"On what day and at what hour was the Widow Lerouge last seen alive?"

"I was coming to that, sir. She was seen on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, at twenty minutes past five o'clock. She was returning from Bougival with a basket of provisions."

"Are you sure of the hour?" interrupted Gevrol.

"Perfectly."

The agents continued their investigations in every part of the house, but the minutest search failed to discover anything, not even the faintest indication which might serve as a point of departure. The papers even of the Widow Lerouge, if she had any, had disappeared. They did not find a letter or even a scrap of paper.

"Saprotto!" said Lecoq, in a low tone, "if we only had Father Tiraucclair here!"

"Who is this Father Tiraucclair?" inquired the Judge. "It seems to me I have heard the name, but I can't recollect where."

"He is a rough customer!" exclaimed Lecoq.

"He was formerly an employe at the Monte de Piete," added Gevrol; "a rich old fellow, whose real name is Tabaret. He plays detective, as Ancelin does customs officer, for his amusement. We have nicknamed him Tiraucclair, because of a phrase which he is constantly repeating."

"We are losing time, gentlemen," interposed the Judge. "Go," he said, turning to Lecoq, "go and find Father Tabaret, and bring him here. I have often heard of him, and should like to see him at work."

Lecoq went out with alacrity.

CHAPTER II.—ON THE SCENT.

CERTAIN depositions taken by the Police Judge seemed to hold out some hopes. In the midst of darkness an humble tar shines like a lighthouse.

In about an hour Lecoq returned.

"Here is Father Tabaret," he panted out; "I met him just going out."

Almost immediately there appeared on the threshold a man whose appearance, we must admit, in no wise suggested the idea of an amateur detective.

He was at least sixty years of age, and showed it. Little, lean, bent, he leaned heavily on an ivory-headed bamboo cane. He was clean shaven, with lips as thick as a wild bull's, and a disagreeable turned-up nose, like the hook on a sax horn. His eyes of a dull gray, small and encircled with red, had absolutely no expression; but they fastened you by their insupportable restlessness. A few scanty locks of straight, lank hair shaded his forehead, which was narrow and retreating, like a rayhound's, but they left in bold relief his huge ears, which seemed to stick straight out from his head.

Father Tabaret, nicknamed Tiraucclair, saluted the company as he entered.

He remained there about half an hour, and then came out running. He went in again, came out almost immediately, returned, and finally went out of the house. The Judge could not help remarking his restless anxiety, which resembled that of a dog hunting for a lost scent. After waiting about an hour, the Judge began to grow impatient, and asked what had become of his volunteer?

"He is out out on the road," answered the Brigadier, "lying at full length on his belly in the mud, and mixing plaster in a plate. He says he is almost through, and will be here presently."

In fact, Tabaret made his appearance almost immediately.

"I have the whole thing complete now," he said to the Judge.

The old man emptied the contents of his basket on the table: a large lump of clay, several large sheets of paper, and two or three plaster casts still wet.

[The above is merely a summary of the first two chapters of the serial story of "Crimson Crime," commenced in the New York Sunday News, March 15. It will continue about eight weeks, and will be one of the most exciting, mysterious and sensational tales ever published. The SUNDAY NEWS is a large eight-page paper, containing fifty-six long columns, and is furnished by newsdealers at seven cents a copy, or can be mailed to any address on the receipt of the subscription price—\$3 a year. Office, No. 19 City Hall Square.]

A DISGUSTED CRITIC.—Hiram Powers, the famous sculptor, will visit his native country the coming summer, it is stated, and spend some months with his relatives in Cincinnati. He is a native of that city, and lived there for many years, having first shown his genius by making some excellent wax figures for Dorfeuille's Museum, a well-known place of amusement in the West at that time. Among other figures, he made one of Alexander Drake, a popular comedian in that section thirty years ago. Some of Powers's friends were so much pleased with his work, that they invited the Queen City journalists to look at it, among them one notorious for his hypercriticism, and believed to be something of a pretender withal. The particular critic came in the evening, when the Museum was dimly lighted, and took his position before the glass case. After gazing at the figure very intently for five minutes, he said to Powers, who was at his elbow, "There are some good points about this, Hiram, but it has some extraordinary defects. The nose is too long entirely, and the mouth has a queer twist. One arm is longer than the other. The position, too, is very unnatural. No man could stand that way if he tried. It would be utterly impossible. I don't see, Hiram, how you could have made such a blunder." Powers laughed, and inquired of the figure, "What do you think about it, Drake?" The figure immediately stepped out of the case, and bursting into a loud laugh, said, "I think the position pretty natural myself." The critic did not hear the last of the jest to his dying day, and never afterward spoke to the facetious sculptor.

JAPANESE ON A SPIKE.—The troupe of Japanese jugglers, who gave representations in Paris during the Exhibition, are now performing at Pesth. A curious scene is reported to have taken place there on the occasion of the first exhibition. They had been invited to breakfast by an amateur on the morning of

the representation, and during the repast the strong white wines of Hungary were circulated freely. In due course, the doors of the theatre were opened and all the seats speedily occupied. After a long delay, the public became clamorous, when a Commissioner of Police came forward to announce that the actors were unable to appear, in consequence of having drunk too copiously at breakfast. Great tumult ensued, and the result was that the defaulters were obliged not only to return the money received, but also to pay a fine of fifty francs for having failed in their duty to the public. They are said to have required two whole days to recover their equilibrium.

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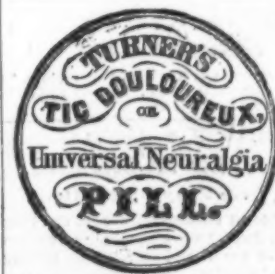
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